HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIX.—No. 1492.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1885.

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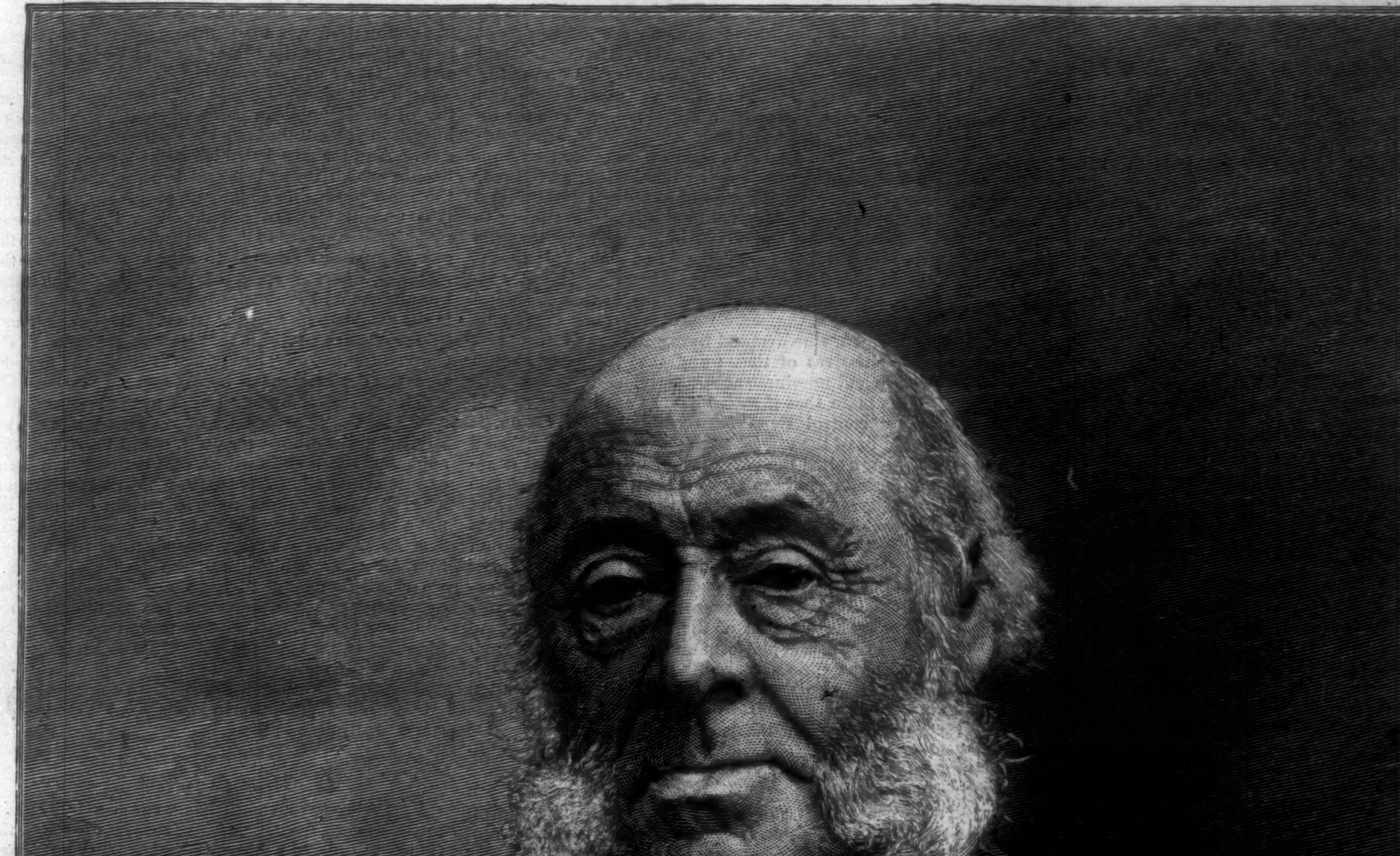

THE LATE REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 474.]

FRAUD.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers are informed that persons falsely representing themselves to be agents for Harper's Periodicals are soliciting subscriptions to Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Young People, at unauthorized rates, giving receipts in the name of Harper & Brothers.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number issued July 21 opens with a fine engraving by Frank French, *entitled*

"MY BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE,"

with a poem by Margaret E. Sangster.

A full-page illustration by Miss C. A. Northam, *called "That Little Tiff," is the subject of a short poem by* Mary D. Brine.

In fiction, the eighth installment of "Into Unknown Seas" is given, and the second of "Little Bamboo," Mr. Noah Brooks's *charming sketch of Japanese life. "Robinson's Donkey" is the title of a humorous tale by* Mary Densel. *All these stories are illustrated.*

Two seasonable articles are, "Crabbing," by Kirk Munroe, *and "How to Make an Archery Outfit."*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, July 25, 1885.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN VIEW.

As the summer advances, prominent Republicans in New York are interviewed by the *Tribune* in regard to the election and the proper course for the party to pursue. The interviews do not report the "Stalwart" view, but the remarks that we have seen show a consciousness that success will depend upon a platform which shall represent the best sentiment of the party, and especially upon nominations which will prove the sincerity of the platform. To declare for honest politics and to nominate a machine politician, to demand civil service reform and to present a candidate whose career turns the demand into a jest—indeed, to select any candidate who is not in himself and without a platform the earnest of the control of the party by its intelligent and progressive members—will be an ill omen of success. The campaign of last year proved what had not been believed by Republican managers, that there is a large body of old Republicans, as well as of young Republicans, which will not support candidates whom they hold to be unfit, and who will see the party defeated rather than successful upon such conditions. This body of voters took the decisive step last year, with all its consequences. It is the first step that costs, and it will be a thousandfold easier for those voters to take the same step again. They were not misled. They did not go astray. They were not deceived. It was because they thoroughly understood the situation that they took their course, and, so far as we know, none of them are wrapped in penitential sheets or carry candles of remorse. Had they been moved by spite, or personal ambition, or any selfish motive, their action would be less important. But whatever the organs and the orators may say, the sagacious Republican managers know precisely the dangerous nature of the bolt of 1884, and they know that something else than the echo of a dying cry is necessary to rally a scattered party.

Well-known Brooklyn Republicans have resolved that a committee of twenty-five shall be appointed to take such measures as may seem to be necessary to secure delegates to the Convention who will favor the nomination for the Governorship of a citizen of such eminent character and qualifications as will command the confidence and enthusiastic support of good citizens. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt would have the State candidates men of spotless integrity, admitted capacity, and by preference those who have served honorably in public positions, and he would have the platform demand the repeal of the four years' term acts, and extend the reformed system of the civil service as far as practicable, and to offices of much higher grade than are now classified. The Albany *Evening Journal*, while approving the suggestion, says that it is not a subject for the declaration of a State Convention. But the national party is made up of the party in the States, and the current party will can be known only from the declarations of the State Conventions. Mr. Williams, the president of the Young Republican Club of Brooklyn, says that he thinks he is only doing the members of the club justice in saying that "unfit nominations, or those accomplished by trickery or dictation, will not receive its support." Senator Warner Miller says that the candidate for Governor should be recognized at once as eminently fit, and should be a man who can command the votes of all who have usually voted the Republican ticket. Mr. Walter S. Hubbell, of Rochester, would not rely solely upon the party record in the past, and would lay chief stress upon civil service reform and municipal reform. Mr. George B. Sloan considers civil service reform to be the leading issue in politics at this time, and that the most pressing present duty is to lift the politics of both parties out of the self-seeking and mercenary rut in which they run. By such an endeavor upon the part of Republicans the party could regain what it has lost by unfortunate dissensions. Mr. Edward Mitchell, chairman of the Republican Central Committee in the city of New York, also favors a progressive platform for municipal and civil service reform, with protection for the leading point of the platform. For Governor, Mr. Mitchell would prefer a business man of high character, "a man of the Evarts type." Meanwhile a Central Republican Club has been organized in Buffalo to promote the interests of the party, and among other ways, by encouraging attendance at the primaries, in order that honest and capable men may be nominated; and Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, who would have been the strongest Republican candidate, while absolutely declining to be considered a candidate, holds strongly that the party should look forward and not backward; that it should take the highest ground upon civil service reform, national, State, and municipal; that it should remember that the party was defeated last year by its young men, who demand living issues and unstained representatives of them; and that the party should declare and nominate accordingly.

It is plain that if such views as are here expressed should control Republican counsels and action, it would be of the utmost advantage to the party. Had they controlled the party last year, the present situation would have been very different. It is observable in all these statements that they look forward, and not backward. The tone is very different from that of Mr. Evarts's speeches in Boston and at the Union League Club, and of the remarks at the Logan dinner in Boston. It is equally different from that of ex-Secretary Chandler's amusing letter upon Senator Blair, and from that of the Pennsylvania Convention speeches and platform and nomination, and from that of the Ohio speeches. In Massachusetts, Ohio, and Pennsylvania there is no sign that the situation is felt to require anything more than the cry that the Confederacy is in the saddle, and the gray above the blue, and that those who vote for a Republican candidate worship the God of Truth, and those who refuse to vote for unfit Republican candidates worship Baal. The New York view plainly is that Democratic offenses in one State are not good reasons for sustaining Republican offenses in another, and that New York ought to have honest, economical, and progressive government, whether Arkansas chooses to have it or not. If, however, the action of the Republican Convention should show that the views which we have cited do not animate the party in the State, and all these gentlemen quietly acquiesce in a course which they deprecate, although the party might carry the election, would their acquiescence, while it would secure success, elevate the aims and character of the party, or tend to prolong its ascendency? The Democratic party, by servility to slavery, undoubtedly elected Mr. Buchanan in 1856, although the Free-soil Democrats had withdrawn. But was it not rather a costly victory? Did it prevent the overthrow of the party, and its continuous defeat for nearly a quarter of a century?

THE PENNSYLVANIA NOMINATION.

The Pennsylvania Republican Convention has nominated Mr. Quay, one of the most notorious machine politicians in the State, whose nomination was earnestly deprecated and opposed by the Philadelphia *Press* as sure to provoke great opposition, and to lead to disclosures and revivals of old scandals, which would be very prejudicial, if not fatal, to the success of the party. One of these scandals is familiar. In April, 1880, Mr. Kemble, an ex-Treasurer of the State, appeared in the lobby of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and was detected in an attempt to bribe members to vote for a bill appropriating about $4,000,000 to indemnify the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for losses in the Pittsburgh riots of 1877. Mr. Kemble was indicted and convicted, but before sentence he forfeited his bail, and escaped into New Jersey, for the purpose, as was stated at the time, of negotiating with the Board of Pardons to avoid punishment. He then returned, and was sentenced to pay a fine and to be imprisoned in the penitentiary. Mr. Quay was the chief member of the Board of Pardons, which immediately remitted the imprisonment, and the fine was paid either by Mr. Kemble or the company.

The Board of Pardons, just before the Kemble case, had refused pardons or commutations to several "Molly Maguires" for murders in the coal regions, and they were executed. The escape of the ex-Treasurer, whose crime was unquestionably proved, immediately following the fate of the Molly Maguires, naturally produced the deepest and most painful impression, and the facts are well remembered. This was, doubtless, one of the scandals which the *Press* had in mind as sure to be revived. But its protest was vain. Mr. Quay was presented to the Convention as the man who had been always true to the party, who had allayed factional feeling, who had been the true, tried, and trusted friend of more public men than any man in the State [including the Camerons and Mr. Kemble]. Ought not "bickerings to cease when the embers of rebellion are seen glimmering under the gray ashes of reform at Washington"? For twenty years he has been the target of the shafts of the common enemy. These were the reasons urged for his nomination. The Convention heard them with "great cheering," and upon the first ballot he had "the magnificent showing" of 196½ votes to 54 for all competitors, and the nomination was made unanimous. The Republican majority in the State was very large last year, and Mr. Quay will be probably elected.

Such a nomination would have been totally unworthy of the Republican party when it was a party of lofty principles and of patriotic purpose and enthusiasm. And for a party which seeks to recover a confidence which it has lost, and to show that it is still the most promising agency of progress and reform, it is lamentable. In a State where the Republican majority is supposed to be insuperable, Mr. Quay is the one Republican selected to represent the aims, the methods, and the spirit of the party. The more unanimous and enthusiastic the selection, the deeper is the condemnation of the party. It was solely as a thick-and-thin partisan that he was presented to the Convention. The "bickerings" that ought to cease were the declarations of honest and high-minded Republicans that the party ought to nominate worthy candidates. "The embers of rebellion" meant that any Republican, however unfit, ought to be supported as against rebels and traitors, that is to say, any Democratic candidate. Mr. Quay, who is a skillful manager, doubtless counts upon a certain coolness, but not a protest strong enough to endanger his election. The *Press*, which strenuously opposed the nomination, for reasons hinted rather than stated, which, if we rightly understand them, should make support extremely arduous, supports the nomination, and doubtless for Mr. Chandler's reason that "the Confederacy is in the saddle." This is an argument which will cover support of any kind of nomination, and enable rogues and Bourbons to control the party. To old Republicans in Pennsylvania the prospect can scarcely be inspiring.

THE "DOLPHIN."

The Attorney-General has written a full opinion in the case of the *Dolphin*. It states, in effect, that Congress ordered a dispatch-boat to be built according to certain plans and specifications; that the *Dolphin* was not so built; and consequently that she is not the vessel which Congress ordered, and therefore the Secretary of the Navy can not accept her. Mr. Roach pleads that the Advisory Board accepted the ship. But, in fact, the report of the Board states that it was at Mr. Roach's request that he was allowed to depart from observing certain specifications, and to the rejoinder that nevertheless the ship was accepted, the Attorney-General replies that where the contract specifies material of a certain quality, the contractor is not relieved by the acceptance of a defective article by the owner's agent. According to the Attorney-General, Mr. Roach failed at three points of the contract: the time of completion, the metal of the shafts, and the speed. Of course, if the contract was to be disregarded, a lower bid could be made than if it was to be strictly observed. This, however, would be prejudicial to honest bidders, and there is therefore the greatest necessity of the closest conformity to the prescribed conditions.

These reasons, assuming them to be fully substantiated, are apparently sufficient for rejecting the *Dolphin*. The time alone would not be conclusive. But if specified time, quality, and speed may all be overlooked, what is there which should be regarded in such a contract? The whole subject of the navy has become so partisan that it is not easy to decide upon the merits of any particular question connected with it. But the Attorney-General states this one clearly and seemingly conclusively. The one clear and disagreeable fact is that there have been enormous appropriations for a navy during the last few years, and that there is no navy to show for the money.

The *Dolphin* herself has become almost a party issue. Not to accept her will probably be cited as proof of renewed connivance with the oppression of colored voters in the Southern States. Indeed, it is already stated that the opinion of the Attorney-General is intended to further the scheme of punishing Mr. Roach for being a Republican ship-builder, and to throw the building of ships into the navy-yards controlled by Democrats, who will use the money for party purposes. But this is precisely what has been alleged by the Democrats of the Republicans, that all the liberal appropriations since the war have been squander-

ed by Republican Secretaries upon Republican favorites and in navy-yards full of Republican employés, and the money used for Republican advantage. However this may be, if the Attorney-General's statements and reasoning are correct—and they are not seriously controverted—the *Dolphin* ought not to be accepted; and if the Democrats undertake to use the navy-yards for party purposes, there are eyes enough upon them, and plenty of tongues that will be unloosed.

THE NEW ENGLISH POLICY IN IRELAND.

THE amazing change in English feeling toward Ireland is strikingly shown in the recent speech of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It is the more significant because he was a member of the late Ministry. His words are such as until within a very short time would have been thought to be incendiary, if not treasonable, and they are interesting as showing that the violence in Ireland which has usually served as the justification of exceptional force laws does not blind intelligent Englishmen to the actual situation and to the remedy which experience and reason both suggest.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says:

"The pacification of Ireland at this moment does, I believe, depend upon the concession to Ireland of the right to govern itself in the matter of purely domestic business. Now, what is the alternative? Are you content, after eighty years of failure, to renew once more the dreary experience of repressive legislation? Is it not discreditable to us that even now it is only by unconstitutional means that we are able to secure peace and order in one portion of her Majesty's dominions? I do not believe that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule a sister country. It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers encamped permanently as in a hostile country; it is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland, or as that which was common in Venice under the Austrian rule. An Irishman at this moment can not move a step, he can not lift a finger in any parochial, municipal, or educational work, without being confronted, interfered with, controlled, by an English official appointed by a foreign government, and without the shadow or shade of representative authority. I say the time has come to reform altogether the absurd and irritating anachronism which is known as Dublin Castle, to sweep away altogether these alien boards of foreign officials, and to substitute for them a genuine Irish administration of purely Irish business. That is the work to which the new Parliament will be called, and I believe that by its successful accomplishment it will do more to secure the strength, the character, and the influence of the nation than by the addition of any amount, however large, to the expenditure for naval or military purposes; that it will go further to maintain our weight in the councils of Europe than any amount of bluster in our relations with foreign countries, and that it will go further to promote the true interests of the people of the United Kingdom than any extension of the empire, which it is our business to govern well and wisely before we seek to multiply our responsibilities or enlarge our obligations."

The new Irish Lord-Lieutenant, after declaring that there would be no more coercion, and that he should trust the Irish people, was received in Dublin very cordially, and shows his confidence by dispensing with the usual police and military escort in his walks and drives. The correspondent of the *Tribune* says that conciliation is the order of the day, the Tories, as usual, trumping the Liberal card. It is certainly a good sign in England or in America when the contest of party is to win public support by providing the best government.

"A SPECIMEN BRICK."

THERE are newspapers which take great comfort in gibes at ex-President HAYES, and which of course care nothing for the truth of the little stories which they tell. The last tale of the kind is that, although a temperance man, he received a large rent from a liquor saloon in Omaha. He was therefore a canting hypocrite and a snivelling pretender, and party spite has blown his shame abroad.

But the Brooklyn *Magazine* has taken the trouble to ascertain the facts, which are these: Some twenty years ago Mr. HAYES, in company with a friend and neighbor, General BUCKLAND, bought several lots of land in Omaha as an investment. The lots have been leased by a local real estate agent for buildings erected by the persons who hired the land. One of these was used as a liquor saloon, which, according to the story, Mr. HAYES sold at a good price when its use was publicly announced. General BUCKLAND, however, states that neither he nor Mr. HAYES knew that there was a liquor saloon in the building until after it was sold, and that he himself made the sale, of which Mr. HAYES knew nothing until it was completed.

This is a specimen of the way in which any man may be held up to public ridicule and scorn by unscrupulous newspapers, and it is this kind of abuse of the power of the press that instinctively causes the distrust with which so many "newspaper men" are socially regarded.

OFFENSIVE PARTISANSHIP.

WE trust that Senator CONGER, of Michigan, has been incorrectly reported as saying that when the Senate comes to consider the nominations made to supply vacancies produced by removals for offensive partisanship, it will inquire whether the new incumbents are not partisans equally offensive. We distrust the report because it discredits the Senator's intelligence. But as the same remark has been often made by other persons, and as there may be an honest misunderstanding upon the subject, it is worth attention and correction.

A private citizen who is so interested in politics that he gives his time and efforts and money to secure the success of his party is a warm partisan, but so long as his activity is honest it is not a public concern. But an officer of the government who is paid by the public money, and who gives his time to partisan activity, who uses his patronage for a party purpose, who compels subordinates to vote as he chooses, and treats his position as a party perquisite and opportunity instead of a public trust, is, for such reasons, "offensive," and ought to be peremptorily dismissed. He turns to a party use what was given to him for a public benefit.

If, therefore, a man who has been an active politician, upon his appointment to office ceases his activity, and restricts himself "to the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights," he can not be regarded as an offensive partisan. But, on the other hand, if Senator CONGER knows of any postmaster, or other officer appointed under this administration in place of an offensive partisan, who during the months before his name is submitted for confirmation has shown himself to be as offensive as his predecessor, he will do well to secure his rejection. There is no good reason for the partisan activity of the civil service which is not equally applicable to the military and naval service. The impropriety in the one case is quite as great as in the other.

NEWS AND MORALITY.

THE *Christian Register*, speaking of the daily papers, says: "The acme of enterprise has been reached in the gaining of news. What is now needed in the daily press is the same amount of enterprise in its suppression. It would be interesting to see a lively rivalry among the great dailies as to which could keep back the most unprofitable and most nauseous news, instead of striving, as at present, to see which could put the most of this material before the public."

The excuse for printing the most repulsive details, "written up" with all the skill of a practiced reporter, is that it is "news." The reason for printing it is that it is a kind of "news" for which there is an immense demand. There is plenty of other "news," however, which upon that score has the same reason for publication, but which is not printed because it is not exciting and attractive. Undoubtedly, however, there is much that is most shocking which ought to be made known. The shock may be the most effectual method of startling the public mind, and the surest way of providing a remedy.

It is just at this point that the immense responsibility of the press appears most plainly. Its conductors are morally bound to do nothing which will promote immorality. But they are equally bound to do whatever they can to repress immorality, even if for that purpose it be necessary to shock and startle the public sense of propriety. To decide this necessity is the most difficult duty of the press. In such decisions its conductors must be judged by the nature and the method of the publication, and upon the most candid consideration, and if their course has been always dignified, upright, fair, and not obviously sensational and mercenary, they are entitled to the most charitable interpretation.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

TO-DAY, when we read every evening what is said in Parliament in the afternoon, and, as it were, hear the guns in the Soudan as they are fired, and the colloquies in Afghanistan as they occur, it is interesting to note how different it was yesterday. The Press Club of New York recently made a festival of the eightieth birthday of Mr. HENRY B. STANTON, one of the most eloquent of the antislavery pioneers, and who has been connected more or less with the press for threescore years. It was an exceedingly pleasant occasion, and the address of Mr. STANTON was exceedingly interesting.

It was a review of the history of the press, and the vigorous journalist read his address without spectacles. The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June, 1815. In these days we should have almost had bulletins from the field during the progress of the fight. Mr. STANTON says:

"The battle of Ligny was fought on June 16, when NAPOLEON defeated tough old Field-Marshal BLÜCHER. A slow-sailing packet left Liverpool for New York just in time to bring this news. No other packet was to sail in twenty days. This country, where party spirit ran high for and against the French Emperor, was left in terrible suspense. The next packet was forty-five days in crossing, so that we received the news of Waterloo sixty-five days, or more than two months, after the event, when LOUIS XVIII. was on the throne, and BONAPARTE was on the way to St. Helena, and how much do you think we got in our papers of the great transactions that followed the twenty days after Ligny? A leading American journal devoted a third of a column to the subject, sparing five lines for a description of the battle of Waterloo."

In a bright and brief little speech of congratulation Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS alluded to the remark of a previous speaker that he was a clerk in a grocery store in Boston when Mr. STANTON began to write for the press, and said:

"That is true, and well do I remember the words of advice that grocer spoke to me when I first entered his service: 'ERASTUS, I have work for you. I want you to put water in the rum, to wet the tobacco, to sand the sugar, and then come to prayers.' And with such instructions, how could I fail a few years afterward to become well grounded in journalism?"

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE personality of President WHITE, of Cornell University, has been so important an influence in the development of the University, and the institution is so deeply indebted to him for its present position, that there was naturally very great deference to his opinion in regard to a successor. The trustees and the alumni undoubtedly feel that he knows very much better than anybody else precisely the kind of man needed to continue his work, and he has always kept an eye upon all the rising men who might be qualified for such a responsibility.

Among all such men he has preferred Professor CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, of the University of Michigan, the successor, we believe, of Mr. WHITE himself in the chair of history at that University. Mr. WHITE has been long and intimately acquainted with him, and has had every opportunity of ascertaining his fitness for the Presidency of Cornell. Nor is there any reason whatever why his friendship should be supposed to have warped his judgment, and the friends of the University have the highest reasons for believing that the best practicable selection has been made.

Those who estimate a university or college by the public reputation of its chief may have wished that a gentleman equally well known with President WHITE should be selected as his successor. But justly eminent men may lack the very qualifications which such a position demands, while a man of less present distinction may rapidly gain a reputation by possessing those qualifications. This has been perhaps the view of President WHITE, and the almost unanimous action of the trustees shows how much they trust him. The University will undoubtedly continue its prosperous career under its new head, the chosen successor of its former and its present honorary President.

PERSONAL.

THE annoyance inflicted upon artists in this country by admirers who call upon them in their studios is sometimes not slight. One of our most distinguished sculptors has been compelled to take the bell-handle down from his door, because, in spite of his acknowledged strength of will, the comments of friends upon a certain important piece of work which he has in hand are constantly suggesting to him doubts as to the wisdom of his modelling. He gets a figure just right, as he thinks, when in comes a connoisseur who asks if it would not be better in some other pose. The sculptor therefore either changes it or entertains doubts respecting it, and, in either case, is delayed and more or less demoralized. Criticisms made in print, at the public exhibition of his work, do not disturb him in the least. He is rather fond of them than otherwise. But he can not stand an interruption while the work is in progress. One of the best-known American decorators was busy a few days ago on the top floor of his office building, when a lady caller was announced on the first floor. He hesitated a minute before responding, but as his visitor was an old admirer and a *littérateur*, he decided to go down and see her. The object of her call was simple and direct. She had come, she said, to ask him if he did not think that art was looking up in this country. He politely referred her to one of his assistants, and ascended four flights of stairs—there was no elevator—to resume work.

—The difficulty of obtaining a good model of either sex increases with the increase of civilization. A man's limbs may be perfect, but his chest is narrow; or his head is fine, while his shoulders are sloping. In one of the churches of this city, directly behind the pulpit, stands a noble stained-glass window, in which is represented the full-length figure of a scantily robed angel. Whether the angel is male or female nobody knows. After photographing fully a dozen female models, selected with infinite pains, and at considerable expense, the artist had not one satisfactory figure. In his despair he fell back upon an uncouth Italian tramp, who turned out to be a good model, with the exception of his ankles. With some "idealizing" of outlines a moderately successful angel was produced; but none of the worshippers who gaze at him on Sundays knows how much trouble he cost.

—The late VICTOR HUGO received from his publishers $70,000 for *Les Misérables*, and $40,000 for *L'Homme qui Rit*.

—Mr. ELIHU VEDDER, well known to the readers of this journal by his masterly design of "Samson" for *Harper's Christmas*, has returned to this country from his old studio in Rome. In scope and strength of imagination he is the equal of any living draughtsman.

—The monument to the brave Colonel SHAW, which his friends in Boston are about to erect in honor of his gallantry during the war for the Union, is still in the hands of Mr. ST. GAUDENS, who owns and rides daily the fine horse that he has selected as the model for the bass-relief.

—Bishop LITTLEJOHN, of Long Island, has come out in favor of the Saturday half-holiday movement, which he regards as one of the encouraging signs of "the dawn of a better feeling between classes hitherto sadly estranged by a supposed but in reality imaginary antagonism of interests."

—Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD will soon cause to be placed in the church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a beautiful memorial window to his son, DUDLEY FIELD, who, after a successful career as a lawyer in New York, died amid the Berkshire Hills, where his childhood was spent. The son is represented as a tired traveller approaching a tomb, near which his mother stands with arms outstretched to welcome him.

—Judge NOAH DAVIS, having been invited to address a temperance jubilee meeting at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, wrote: "Every man is the brother of all men, and when this truth comes to be recognized by man as God recognizes it, then the liquor-seller and the liquor-drinker and all their victims will join hands in a hearty effort to banish drunkenness and all its evils from the world."

—Of Mrs. CUSTER'S *Boots and Saddles*, the editor of *Outing* writes: "The charm is as positive at the close as at the beginning. The whole book from cover to cover shows plainly that the hero and the historian were ideally wedded, and proves the truth of the dedication: 'To my husband, the echo of whose voice has been my inspiration.'"

—General CHARLES P. STONE, the engineer-in-chief of the pedestal for the Statue of Liberty, was an officer in the late war. He relates that in April, 1861, much anxiety was felt in Washington as to President LINCOLN'S safety, and that one night he saw more than fifty men, among whom were the Hon. CASSIUS M. CLAY and General LANE, gathered in the East Room of the White House, each with a musket. They were a voluntary guard, which had resolved to be there every night, and see to it that Mr. LINCOLN'S person was protected.

—The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for this month contains a long article on George Eliot. It thinks that the most interesting letters in Mr. CROSS'S Life of the novelist are those written during her wedding trip with him; and that the woman who had such warmth of sentiment under her gray hair is the sister of Juliet and Desdemona. Her happiness as a bride overcame her long habit of reserve, and her marriage to Mr. CROSS was necessary to reveal to the world the range of her character. "Mr. CROSS explains Mr. LEWES, and *vice versa*."

—Mr. T. S. PERRY'S valuable and entertaining *English Literature of the Eighteenth Century* has received the deserved compliment of a translation into French at the hands of Professor LEMARQUIS, of the lyceum at Bar-le-Duc. Although the work is somewhat abridged in the translation, the continuity of the narrative is preserved, as well as the most important of the details.

—In an essay on JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL in the *Nineteenth Century*, the writer is convinced that no poetic note higher or deeper than Mr. LOWELL'S, no aspirations more finely touched toward lofty issues, no voice more powerful for truth and freedom, have hitherto gone to England from across the Atlantic.

—Mr. A. E. LANCASTER, chief author of *Conscience*, has dramatized Dr. HAMMOND'S *Lal*, and is writing a play for Mr. LAWRENCE BARRETT.

—There lives in New Jersey an excellent photographer who, whenever about to take a difficult subject, out-doors or in-doors, kneels, and audibly prays that the conditions may become such as to insure him a good negative. His friends give him credit for the utmost sincerity, and his enthusiasm in his work is indisputable. A well known Congressman who recently lost his wife resolved in his grief to have a photograph made of her as she lay in her coffin, in her chamber, surrounded by flowers. He was about to send for the devout photographer, but was persuaded to select another man, his relatives fearing lest the excitement certain to be produced by the unusual methods of the former might unhinge the Congressman's already distracted mind.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CORNELL.

Charles Kendall Adams, Professor of History in the University of Michigan, was on Monday the 13th elected President of Cornell University, in the room of the retiring President White, by an almost unanimous vote of the trustees, the numbers being 12, to 3 for General Morgan. The new President, who is a native of Vermont, in which State he was born in 1835, owes this flattering election to the influence of the late President, between whom and him the most intimate relations existed during their acquaintance at Ann Arbor, where Professor Adams graduated in 1861, and where he succeeded Professor White in the chair of history when the latter accepted the Presidency of Cornell. Professor Adams is the author of *Democracy and Monarchy in France*, and of the *Manual of Historical Literature*, "comprising descriptions of the most important histories in English, French, and German, together with practical suggestions as to methods and course of historical study," and of which the philosophic character, the profundity of learning, and judicious historical conclusions have given him high standing as an author. At the meeting of the trustees numerous tributes were received, speaking in the strongest terms of testimony to his executive ability and his thorough knowledge of educational systems both in this country and in Europe. The new President, indeed, is generally conceded by scholars to possess qualities of that sterling and lasting kind which, although not so showy or brilliant at first sight as those which might be possessed by others, would yet tend to impress the Board of Trustees and alumni more and more as they know him better and more closely, and through his new position, with an increasing conviction of his scholarship, executive ability, and wide range of educational thought and experience. He has really been the responsible promoter of most of the successful plans of higher education at Michigan University, though others have received the larger share of credit, and it was entirely through his exertions that the library system at Ann Arbor was built up; and those—and they are many—who are not willing to give him credit for the necessary force of character, will find themselves most grievously mistaken.

It is pleasant to feel, where the fit character of university education is so much a subject of discussion and difference, that the selection of Professor Charles K. Adams for President gives gurantee that the same policy and modes of instruction which, under the direction of President White, have raised Cornell to so high a position among our educational institutions, will find countenance and strength.

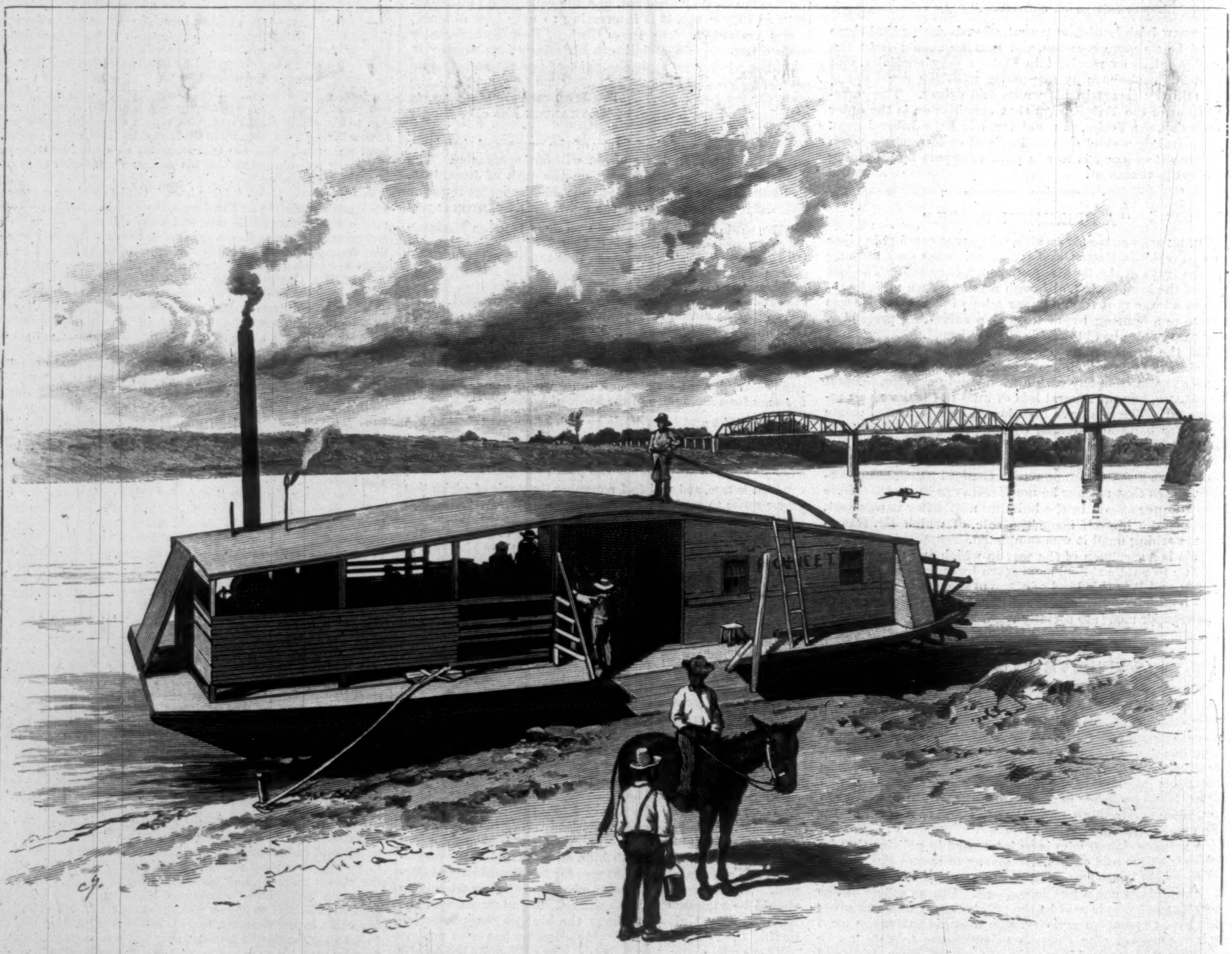
PROFESSOR CHARLES K. ADAMS, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.
Photographed by Lewis & Gibson, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

NEW AND OLD IN ALABAMA.

The first bridge (except railroad bridges) ever built across the Alabama River for two hundred miles from its mouth is the iron bridge at Selma which was formally opened some two months ago. Its formal opening was properly celebrated as an achievement of the new spirit of material development that is making such notable changes in the Southern States. The business houses of Selma were closed, and "Bridge Day" was a holiday. The citizens, including the school-children, and the citizens and military companies of the adjacent towns, formed a procession, the town was decorated, and illuminated at night, and all that oratory, poetry, and fire-works could do was done to make the day memorable in local history. The occasion was something more than an expression of weariness with the old ferry-boats, which had done their slow and humble service for a hundred years, for it was a significant expression of the public spirit of Selma.

The lack of bridges upon even the most important and frequented highways was one of the commonest sources of surprise and complaint among travellers through the South in the old days before the war. In many parts of the South the complaint is still valid, as readers of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's pleasant account of a ride through the Virginian mountains are aware. A system of communication must be very precarious that trusts to the chances of fording either the large rivers or the mountain brooks of the South, swollen to the point of danger, as even these latter are apt to be after heavy rainstorms. If the old saying be accepted that "the history of civilization is the history of roads," then obviously the thing which is most of all needed to bring the remote parts of the South into the line of industrial progress with other parts of the country is an easy and trustworthy system of communication.

The bridge cost $50,000, and it was built by private subscriptions, neither the city, nor the county, nor the State giving any aid. It is of iron, it has a wagonway and foot-paths; it rests on five stone piers; and it has a draw to allow the passage of boats. It spans the river at the centre of the business part of the city, and it will contribute greatly to the building up of Selma, and be a stimulus to the enterprise of other Southern cities. All the other rivers in Alabama are spanned by bridges at important towns—the Tennessee at Florence, the Black Warrior at Tuscaloosa, and the Chattahoochee at Columbus and Eufaula.



THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE ALABAMA AT SELMA.

THE "PRACTICAL" POLITICIAN'S LOVE FOR THE NEGRO.

THE TYNDALL SCHOLARSHIPS.

That Professor John Tyndall, the celebrated scientist, has founded scholarships of physical science in Harvard University, Columbia College, and the University of Pennsylvania is a fact widely published of late, but the inside history of that noble gift has not yet been promulgated. For some time previous to 1872 it had been suggested to Professor Tyndall by certain scholars in this country that he might serve science and benefit himself by giving a popular course of lectures in the leading cities of the United States. He was disinclined to the proposal, on the ground that first-class men engaged in scientific investigation indulge but very little in England in popular lecturing. At the Royal Institution, before select audiences, it was the thing for him to lecture, of course; but to travel from place to place, with the heavy and complicated apparatus necessary to illustrate his disquisitions, was quite out of the question.

Not at all surprised at the nature of this response, Professor Agassiz, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other leading scholars proceeded to assure Professor Tyndall that in this country eminent lecturers on science held a high position, and that it in no wise diminished a scholar's prestige to expound physical truths from the platform of the lyceum. Our foremost scientists, they explained, were popular lecturers, to a greater or less extent, and whatever might be the habit in England in this respect—a habit which, by-the-way, has changed greatly of late years—Americans would honor him all the more after enjoying an exposition of his latest and famous researches.

Professor Tyndall answered that under these assurances he would come, and Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, volunteered to take charge of the arrangements in this country. A few of Professor Tyndall's friends knew that his purpose was to serve the cause of science, that he would refuse to profit financially by the transaction, and would leave in America, for the cause of science, every dollar of the net proceeds.

Professor Henry's duties, however, in connection with Professor Tyndall's advent, were very slight. After lending the weight of his name, he proceeded to map out a simple plan of operations, by which it was arranged that the distinguished Englishman should lecture first in Boston, next in New York, then in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, winding up the course in the last-namec city at or near the Christmas holidays of 1873, when Congress would have leisure to become interested in science, and to be prepared for a liberal appropriation for the Smithsonian Institution.

Meanwhile, in order to perfect the costly and complicated apparatus and designs used to illustrate his lectures, Professor Tyndall delivered an experimental course in the Royal Institution in London, so that on leaving the shores of England he was fully equipped. After a tedious voyage, he found himself at last in New York. And here his worries began.

For here he was met by a perfect specimen of a species altogether new to him—the American lecture agent—who had come all the way from Philadelphia to arrange for the Professor's lectures in that city, and was awaiting his arrival. This enterprising person had succeeded in persuading a kinsman of the Professor's—the late General Hector Tyndale, of Philadelphia—that no popular lectures ever delivered there had been successful or could be successful without his preliminary services in "working them up," but that were the Professor confided to his care, and "run" under his management, prosperity was sure. The Professor's honest kinsman, anxious only for success, and somewhat distrustful of results—as one relative is apt to be when another is concerned—

seconded the lecture agent's proposal to go to New York, in order that the necessary preliminaries might be arranged with promptness before the Professor should fall into alien and less useful hands. A stranger in strange lands, the Professor left the matter entirely in the hands of his kinsman, who left it entirely in the hands of the enterprising lecture agent, who, of course, pared very deep into the profits of the lectures in Philadelphia.

With some misgiving, perhaps, but absorbed in the great enterprise that he had undertaken, the Professor proceeded to Boston, according to the plan already laid down for him, and soon found himself rehearsing in the Lowell Institute the first of a course of six lectures. He had resolved, in view of the difficult and complicated character of many of his illustrative experiments, to engage for two nights, wherever possible, each hall in which he was to appear, and, with the aid of the two carefully trained assistants whom he had brought over with him, to perform in private the first night each of the experiments intended for the public the next night. Those of us who heard and saw those admirable and elaborate expositions, and remember the applause that greeted their perfect presentation, will not wonder at the care bestowed upon them. But though the Lowell Institute was crowded on each occasion, the tickets had been distributed freely to whoever applied for them at the box office, and as it was not the habit of the Harvard professors and their comrades to stand in a line and take their turn in company with Tom, Dick, and Harry, the very men whose presence Professor Tyndall most desired were continuously absent. Each night the same popular audience—each member of which had received tickets for the entire course—filled the auditorium. Instead of being delivered under the auspices of Harvard University, and in one of its halls, as some of the Professor's friends expected, the disquisitions of the philosopher fell into rank as members of the conventional New England Lyceum course, and at their close it is understood that Professor Tyndall was handed a check for $1500, or $250 a lecture, the usual Lyceum fee. This sum just about met his expenses. Had the tickets been offered at three dollars apiece, the net proceeds, exclusive of expenses, would have been about $6000. Professor Tyndall, as the event showed, was worth in any of the leading cities $1000 a night. But he was very far from being "worked for all he was worth."

That he left Boston with a particularly light heart it would be unveracious to say. But he held his peace, and ordered his heavy and cumbersome apparatus to be packed for removal.

It was the latter part of October, 1872, and everybody was absorbed in the celebrated campaign of Mr. Greeley for the Presidency. Amidst the noise of political warfare the laws of science are silent, and Professor E. L. Youmans, who had consented to supervise the arrangements for the lectures in this city, wrote to the distinguished Englishman that the time was inopportune. "Very well," replied Professor Tyndall; "I will make a trip to Niagara Falls, and thence proceed direct to Philadelphia, leaving New York for the last place on the list." This plan was approved.

In Philadelphia the net proceeds were $6000, of which a prodigiously large lump went to the lecture agent who had made General Tyndale believe that unless he handled the affair it could not succeed. The citizens were very enthusiastic from the first, and the Professor's friends felt that much less than the lecture agent's enormous share would have sufficed to "work them up" adequately.

In Baltimore, as in Boston, the tickets were issued free, Professor Tyndall in the former city receiving a check from the Peabody Institute for a small amount, according to usage. But neither in Boston nor in Baltimore was any advantage derived by him from his great reputation or the eagerness of the public to hear him.

In Washington, after the last lecture had been delivered, a young fellow appeared on the platform and handed him a check in payment for the course of six lectures. He looked at it hurriedly, but long enough to see what the paper was, without seeing what the figures were, and slipped it into his vest pocket. When the gentlemen who were congratulating him on his success had dispersed, and he was being driven to his quarters for the night, he took out the piece of paper and found that the sum was $2000. It was not until he had left the country and was on the ocean that a paragraph appeared in the newspapers stating that the Young Men's Christian Association of Washington had made a very good thing out of Tyndall, clearing some two or three thousand dollars. So he had not been speaking under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution at all. The Smithsonian Institution did not patronize courses of lectures. It gave lectures of its own.

Will it be believed, then, that on arriving in New York, after courses of six lectures apiece in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, the Professor found himself without a dollar of profits? His expenses, including those of his two assistants, had swallowed everything up. One of those clever and devoted assistants had died in Philadelphia, greatly to the grief of his chief, who bore the heavy cost of his illness, and of embalming his body and forwarding it to his home in England. But the Professor made no complaints. He kept holding his peace, even when he was robbed of $400 in gold by burglars who entered his room at the hotel in New York.

Here at last, then, in January, 1873, we find him in the hall of the Cooper Institute, delivering to delighted audiences of the best representatives of the metropolis those famous six lectures. As his friend Professor E. L. Youmans had undertaken, for friendship's sake, to make the preliminary arrangements, the cost was a mere bagatelle. Advertising was unnecessary; the newspapers were glad to print the announcements as news. Mr. Abram S. Hewitt's generous reply to a suggestion from Professor Youmans was to give the large hall of the Cooper Institute at unremunerative rates. Almost the only expense of the undertaking was the printing of admission tickets, which were distributed without the services of a paid middle-man. In Brooklyn, where the course was repeated, Professor Youmans followed a similar method of management, and with the result that in the two cities the net profits were $13,000. Every dollar of this sum, which represented the total profits of the course of six lectures delivered in the six cities, was set apart by Professor Tyndall for the purpose already mentioned, namely, the advancement of science in the United States. The lecturer returned to his home as poor as when he left it. Had Professor Youmans's management prevailed in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington also, the net profits would have been not far from $40,000.

The sum of $13,000 was given in trust to a committee of three gentlemen—Professor Henry, General Hector Tyndale, and Professor E. L. Youmans—who were made the trustees of the fund, and authorized to invest it as in their judgment seemed wisest, and to use the interest for the benefit of students who by its aid might do as Professor Tyndall in early manhood had done—go to Germany and study physical science. These students were the first Tyndall scholars. The principal was invested in Lehigh Valley Railroad bonds, then at par or thereabouts; but the difficulty of finding suitable candidates for the scholarships, and the personal engagements of the trustees themselves, in connection with the fact that they were widely separated from each other, and communication was not easy, caused the scholarships to be so few as not to consume the interest. Meanwhile Lehigh Valley bonds had risen to 136¼, and the fund, with its accumulated interest, had increased from the original $13,000 to $32,400.

By a unanimous vote the trustees, two of whose places had become vacant by death and been filled, resolved to turn this sum over to Professor Tyndall that he might exercise his own judgment in its distribution. He therefore divided it into three equal parts, and through Mr. William W. Appleton, to whom he had given power of attorney, handed them over to Harvard University, Columbia College, and the University of Pennsylvania, with authority to invest them, and devote the proceeds perpetually to the maintenance of three scholarships. Each of these institutions will, accordingly, always have on its roll a Tyndall scholar, devoted to the cultivation of original physical science, and the natural rivalry among them will keep the standard high.

Although, therefore, by reason of the sharpness of a lecture agent in Philadelphia, and the lack of business management in Boston and Baltimore, and the speculative activity of the Young Men's Christian Association in Washington, the fit and proper profits from the lectures in those cities were reduced to nothing at all, it is pleasant to know that Professor Tyndall has lived to see established a scholarship fund almost as large as it would have been had he met with no such misfortune during his memorable visit to this country.

GEORGE WILLIAM SHELDON.

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

I.

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME was born November 4, 1812, and lived till he was nineteen, in Cambridge, Washington County, New York, where his father preached in the "Old White Meeting-house" which the son made famous with his pen. At the age of eight he began the study of Latin; at nine, Greek; at ten, Hebrew; at eleven he was fitted to enter college, though by reason of his youth that step was deferred until he was thirteen; at seventeen he was graduated at Williams, and the very next morning at nine o'clock (having ridden part of the night to reach the place) he began to teach in an academy where most of his pupils were considerably older than himself.

Dr. PRIME next studied theology at Princeton, and before he was twenty-one was licensed to preach, and was soon pastor of the Presbyterian church at Ballston Spa, New York. His health gave way, and he resigned his charge. After a few months of rest he was called to a church on the Hudson, opposite Newburgh; but before his twenty-eighth year he broke down again. He wrote to his father, the Rev. N. S. PRIME, D.D., "I can preach no longer." "God help you, my son," came the reply; "you are fit for nothing else." When he came to New York he had the comfort of being promply rejected by an insurance company to which he had applied for an insurance on his life. The New York *Observer*, then under the proprietorship of SIDNEY E. MORSE & Co, engaged him as an assistant editor in 1840. For ten years his life was a constant battle with disease of the kidneys. He went to Europe in 1853, with scarcely the prospect of returning, having been lifted from his bed and carried to the packet-ship *Devonshire*, and laid on his back on the deck. One year's absence found him somewhat better, but it was not until his fiftieth year that he enjoyed good health.

II.

From that time to the date of his death he had a sound mind in a sound body, and at the age of seventy his power of endurance, his capacity for work and his love of it, were characteristic of a strong man in his prime. It was his custom, during his latter years, to write three hours daily in the forenoon, then to go down to the *Observer* office, to answer all his letters with his own hand, to devote the hours from three to six to the various benevolent societies of which he was a member. He was a director—a real, working director—of the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, the American and Foreign Christian Union, the United States Evangelical Alliance, the New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, and several other corporate bodies of importance, his relation to the last-named organization being that of president also.

III.

But most successful men have had their struggles, and Dr. PRIME had his. In 1840—then in his twenty-eighth year, with health enfeebled—he arrived in New York with a wife and three children, and entered the *Observer* office on a salary on which he could not make both ends meet. A shelf full of Sunday-school books in his private library shows how this object was attained. With the money received for writing those books he supplemented his meagre editorial income. The pleasantest journey he ever took was with his wife from New York to Niagara, thence by boat to Montreal and Quebec, thence to Burlington, by stage to the White Mountains and Portland, thence to Boston and New York again, occupying one month, and costing $250, which he had been paid for writing one of those books. That was forty years ago. The first ten years of his connection with the *Observer* were a constant struggle for the wherewithal to meet his expenses. He could not live in too modest a fashion, because his connection with that journal, and his tastes and duties, brought him into relations with many persons whom he was obliged to entertain at his house. For nine years he served that journal as editor, proof-reader, reporter, and news editor, doing the work now distributed among four or five men. Many and many a time did he go to the old Broadway Tabernacle, take notes of a public meeting held there, and write them out the same night—a service that HENRY J. RAYMOND, then just entering journalism, afterward performed for the *Observer*. It was not until 1858, eighteen years after Dr. PRIME's connection with the *Observer*, that he became a proprietor of that paper.

Five years previously Dr. PRIME had been asked by the Messrs. HARPER to conduct the Editor's Drawer in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. He seized upon the opportunity with alacrity, and established a wide correspondence to collect the floating wit and humor of the day. From the most distant States and Territories came streams and reams of entertaining incidents, adventures, comicalities of all sorts, to amuse the public; but it was the editor's rule, which admitted no exception, never to allow a profane word to soil the Drawer, or a joke that would not be admissible in the most refined circles of society. The popularity of that department of HARPER'S MAGAZINE became immense, while the secret of its source was carefully preserved. When the late Mr. JAMES T. FIELDS ascertained that the editor of the Drawer was Dr. PRIME of the New York *Observer*, he remarked that that was "the greatest joke that ever appeared in the Drawer."

For his services in conducting the Drawer, Dr. PRIME received from the Messrs. HARPER one hundred dollars a month, or twelve hundred dollars a year. This sum he religiously laid away in bank, and at the end of five years he possessed six thousand dollars in cash. With this six thousand dollars he made his first payment toward his shares in the New York *Observer*.

Dr. PRIME was connected with the *Observer* more than forty years, and has often written for it ten or twelve columns a week. Estimating the average at five columns, or twenty printed duodecimo pages, a week, he must have written for that journal one hundred volumes of four hundred pages each. He has actually published nearly forty volumes, some of them small, one of them (the *Life of S. F. B. Morse*) an octavo of 775 pages.

IV.

The name PRIME has been identified with New York city for more than a century. The "three brothers," with whom so many families begin their history, came to this country from England, and settled in Rowley, Massachusetts, where some of their descendants are found to this day. One of the original three was the ancestor of NATHANIEL PRIME, who founded the New York banking house of PRIME & Co. (afterward PRIME, WARD, & Co., and PRIME, WARD, KING, & Co.), and lived at No. 1 Broadway when the Battery was the fashionable place of residence. From another of the original three descended JAMES PRIME, who was a centenarian, and EBENEZER PRIME, who preached sixty years at Huntington, Long Island, wrote three thousand sermons, made himself exceedingly obnoxious to the Tories during the Revolutionary war, and died in 1779, at the age of eighty, after the enemy had entered his house and destroyed his furniture and books. The son of EBENEZER was a graduate of Princeton College, a student of medicine in New York, London, Edinburgh, and Leyden, a writer of patriotic poems which stirred the people's blood, and some of which are preserved in GRISWOLD'S *Curiosities of American Literature*, and DUYCKINCK'S *Cyclopædia*, and a practicing physician in this city.

He was the grandfather of Dr. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, whose father was the Rev. Dr. NATHANIEL S. PRIME, another graduate of Princeton, an eloquent and learned preacher, and a brave man. When he was a young man, while walking on the shore at Easthampton, Long Island, where a party of bathers were disporting themselves, he suddenly heard the cry that some one was drowning. Throwing off his coat, he plunged into the water, and being a strong swimmer, soon reached a young lady whom the under-tow had already caught, and he conducted her gallantly to the beach. Nor did his gallantry stop there. The acquaintance formed at sea ripened into love on land, and the beautiful and accomplished damsel who had been as good as dead became the mother of his children—a mother whose gentle and courageous spirit, whose sweetness of temper, whose executive force, and whose lively wit, made the home of her husband, her five sons, and her two daughters a charmed abode. One of her sons died in college, four of them became useful and eminent members of the three learned professions, medicine, divinity, and law; the two daughters married clergymen; and four of the seven children still live, at ages above sixty years. This beloved and gifted woman, an ornament to society, and a pride and benediction to her family, died at the advanced age of eighty-six.

V.

Undoubtedly the most remarkable family library in this country—and, perhaps, in any other country—is a collection of books written during successive generations by Americans of the name of PRIME, and owned by the late editor of the New York *Observer*. For at least five successive generations the PRIME family has been represented by classically educated men, each one of whom has been the author of useful publications; and it is not known that a similar instance of hereditary literary taste can be found in the biographical annals of the United States. For many years it has been Dr. IRENÆUS PRIME's pride to collect all the books or pamphlets to be found that were written by authors who bear his surname. The oldest of these works is entitled, "An Exposition and Observations upon Saint Pavl to the Galatians, Together with incident Questions debated and Motives removed. By JOHN PRIME. At Oxford. Printed by JOSEPH BARNES, anno 1587"—or two years less than three centuries ago. A later volume is the autobiography of GEORGE PRYME, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, England, and member of Parliament, in which a clerical ancestor is quoted as saying: "My zeal for old MSS., antiquities, coins, and monuments almost eats me up. I am at very great charges in carrying on my study of antiquities, in employing persons at London, Oxford, etc., to search records, etc., even to the danger and hazard of my own ruin, and the casting of myself into great debts and melancholy." Although there is no known link between these two English PRIMES, and the American ones, it is interesting to observe how a taste for letters and antiquities has existed for several centuries among the possessors of the name.

But more interesting still are the literary productions of the five successive generations of American PRIMES already mentioned—Rev. EBENEZER PRIME, BENJAMIN Y. PRIME, M.D., NATHANIEL S. PRIME, D.D., S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D., and WENDELL PRIME, D.D. This collection now includes a copy of everything ever printed by any of these authors, or by their brothers or sisters, and among its oldest numbers is a poem printed in London before the Revolutionary war, and written by Dr. IRENÆUS PRIME's grandfather. Having learned that the curious production was in the possession of a gentleman of Providence, Rhode Island, Dr. PRIME wrote an imploring petition to purchase it, which was answered in the true spirit of a collector: "The more you want it, the more I wish to keep it. If you could procure it elsewhere, I should value it less; but as you say there is no other copy known, it becomes exceedingly precious to me. I appreciate your desire, but you can not have the poem." By-and-by, however, a perfect copy was discovered among some pamphlets in Dr. PRIME's own possession.

The Rev E. D. G. PRIME, D.D., for more than thirty years an associate editor of the *Observer*, and a main spoke in the wheel, is the author of two handsome volumes, *Around the World* and *Memoirs of Rev. William Goodell, D.D.* WILLIAM C. PRIME, LL.D., a lawyer by profession, and one of the editors and proprietors of the *Journal of Commerce*, appears with his *Tent Life in the Holy Land*, *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia*, *Coins and Medals*, and *Pottery and Porcelain*, the first two works being among the most popular books of travel ever published, and the last two standard authorities on the subjects of which they treat.

To say that the most numerous class in this extraordinary family library consists of the publications of Dr. IRENÆUS PRIME himself seems unnecessary, although more than half of the books from his pen have been issued anonymously. Publishers know that but very few works on their lists are reprinted after the lapse of thirty years, but when a collection of fifty volumes of *Choice Reading for the Young* was issued by a publishing house a few months ago, it was found to contain not less than four reprints of books written by Dr. IRENÆUS PRIME forty years ago. Among his larger works, which have been very successful, are *Travels in Europe and the East*, in two volumes; *The Alhambra and the Kremlin, or Studies in the South and North of Europe;* and *The Life of S. F. B. Morse*, inventor of the electro-magnetic telegraph—a succinct and luminous history of the greatest triumph of human genius in the field of science. Dr. PRIME's books on "prayer" have been as widely read and useful as any treatise of practical piety in modern times. One of them has had a circulation of 100,000 copies in England, has been twice translated into French, and has appeared in the Tamil language in India, and in Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope.

VI.

But an author's books are never so interesting as the man himself, and every one who met Dr. PRIME must have been struck by the breadth, the largeness, the range, of his personality. Though he had fought all sorts of theological, ecclesiastical, social, and political fights, and never shown evidence of knowing what fear is, no good soldier was ever so fond of peace. "The older I grow and the more I learn," he said a few years ago, "the more clearly I comprehend and the more cordially I love the system of religious truth in which I was educated, while, at the same time, the more willing I am that every-

body else should hold and enjoy his own opinions, even though I think they are exceedingly out of the way. To his own Master a man must stand or fall. I am willing to take my chances, and let him take his." Orthodox Presbyterianism never had a more eager champion than he; yet when the Evangelical Alliance of all Christian denominations held its great meeting in New York twelve years ago, no contribution to its splendid success was so great as Dr. PRIME's executive ability and cordial tact. Successful in business to an extent that a business man knows most how to appreciate, he was also felicitous as a pastor, especially in the house of mourning. Eloquent in the pulpit, he was not less eloquent on the platform. In the Church to which he belonged he had been identified with every movement and measure for the last forty years. By nature and grace a peace-maker, he was a leading advocate and promoter of the reunion of that great body after thirty years of division, and after the civil war, which divided again the Northern and Southern Presbyterians, he labored with prodigious energy in successive General Assemblies to bring about a reconciliation. And two years ago he had the honor and the pleasure, which he esteemed one of the greatest triumphs of his active life, to appear on the floor of the General Assembly of the Southern Church at Lexington, Kentucky, as a delegate from the Northern Assembly, with the olive-branch in his hand, the herald of restored and established fraternal relations. He has said that this was the closing act of his ecclesiastical life; and having fought a good fight, he was willing to wait for the crown. The natural and active adversary of all shams and frauds, he was a personal friend in thousands of households that never saw his face. His personal charities, though very unobtrusive, were extensive, especially so in the South after the war, where his benefactions were of great help and comfort to many struggling men. The nib of his steel pen touched every subject that most men think or speak of. Whether as president of a young ladies' college, or as president of an association for the advancement of science and art, he unfailingly displayed ability to preside. He could tell a story to make a man laugh or a story to make a woman cry. He was equally popular as host and as guest. He was often at public and at private dinners, for his nature was eminently social. He dined with more public men than almost any other citizen. At the dinners given to Mr. FROUDE, WILKIE COLLINS, Professor MORSE, and M. DE LESSEPS he was present; he presided at the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN banquet; Mr. BRYANT, BAYARD TAYLOR, GEORGE RIPLEY, and others were with him at the dinner given to WILLIAM BLACK, when BAYARD TAYLOR said, "Dr. PRIME has shown us to-night that orthodox Christianity is consistent with the highest social enjoyment." His only recreation was in the society of his family and his friends. He grew old gracefully and cheerily, and when past seventy he was doing his best and strongest work, confident that life is worth living, and that there is something worth having after this life has been lived.

GEORGE BERKELEY, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

Two hundred years ago, in 1685, was born George Berkeley, the idealist, and the recluse of Rhode Island. America owes much to Berkeley. He has thrown around his home at Newport a literary charm that has never died. The fair island in which the philosopher lived remembers him still; his home is pointed out. He gave an organ to one of the Newport churches; he founded its library; and amidst the gay shows of fashion that crown our famous sea-side resort a literary taste and refinement governs still.

Casual and brief as was Berkeley's visit to Rhode Island, its effects may be traced in all the later literature of our country. His idealist philosophy and his pure style were inherited by Samuel Johnson and Jonathan Edwards. His liberal gifts of land to Yale College have fostered and sustained generations of students. Berkeley's idealism lives again in some of the finest essays of Emerson, and is not unknown to Thoreau. The Oriental tendency that is sometimes attributed to our literature is, in part at least, a reflection of the filmy majestic thought palaces of the gentle Bishop of Cloyne.

George Berkeley was born in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, and educated at the Duke of Ormond's school. He was in disposition and character one of the most excellent of nature's creations. He had the gay and pleasant humor of the Irishman, the self-restraint and prudence of the English. He had no enemy; he found everywhere the warmest and tenderest friends. An idealist himself, he was always ruled by some pleasant vision that promised the good of mankind. At college he formed a philosophical society, and made what he thought a grand discovery in metaphysics. It was that the common idea of matter was a false one, a fiction of the schoolmen. Around him he could see only a shadowy world of ideas, an unsubstantial fabric, a spectral universe like that imagined by the philosophy of Hindostan. He published his theories before he was thirty, and became famous.

Swift, generous and despotic, helped him; Addison, Pope, and Arbuthnot were his friends; he travelled with the Earl of Peterborough, saw Italy, and afterward in Paris met Malebranche. He came home, was presented with rich deaneries and preferment, and lived in close friendship with Swift and Pope. Fortune was always ready to befriend him. He met the unhappy Vanessa but once: she left him £4000. He was made Dean of Derry, with £1100 a year. But a new vision of usefulness had seemed to open upon him: he had heard of the charms of Bermuda and of the American Indians; he would abandon all his rich preferments at home, and go to the far West to found a college for the education of the American savages.

Everybody yielded to his subtle power, and helped him. The King and Queen Caroline, Swift and Pope, princes and bishops, felt his enthusiasm for America. The government promised £20,000, which was never paid. Berkeley married a fair and wealthy wife, and set sail for Newport and the summer isles of Bermuda. In Bermuda the wonderful college was to be founded, and a city was to grow up around it, for which Berkeley had prepared a visionary plan. He sang his famous lyric, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and landed in Rhode Island. Here, not far from Newport, he built a house called "Whitehall," and lived for three years, writing philosophical works and awaiting the promised aid from the government at home. Here he wrote *Alciphron; or, The Minute Philosopher*. He purchased land and slaves, three of whom became members of his church. His children were born in Rhode Island. But the government aid never came, and after three years of expectation in Newport the vision faded, and Berkeley went back to England.

His usual good fortune pursued him. Queen Caroline insisted upon making him a bishop. He lived quietly at Cloyne, in philosophic repose. Every week he had a musical meeting at his house, and invited his neighbors. He was still eager to do good, to save England, to improve Ireland. His son died, to his great grief. At last a new idea ruled him; he would abandon all his preferment in the Church and go to live at Oxford, intent only on study. In his youth and manhood he had longed for the sweet airs of the summer isles; in his old age he would lose himself in the pleasures of the mind. He was ill; he was carried to Oxford in a litter, and here, January 14, 1753, Berkeley passed silently and peacefully away.

Two islands, fair and famous among the pleasant places of the earth, are associated with his philosophic fancies. Rhode Island and Bermuda might well unite to celebrate the bicentennial of his birth. They are especially the islands of Berkeley. The city he planned for Bermuda and the college that was to radiate light from its coral cliffs over all the Western continent may never come into being, or perhaps they may still in some future age be perfected. His brief residence in Newport may seem of little importance; but Berkeley brought to the New World the refinement of Queen Anne's days, and it flowed out from Rhode Island to Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. Berkeley taught the power of the ideal, and proved it. He was in a certain way a prophet, foretelling the greatness of the New World. The summer skies of Bermuda and the misty shores of Newport seem still to echo with the oracle that should enforce its own fulfillment:

"Time's noblest offspring is the last."

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

"MANIFEST DESTINY" IN AUSTRALIA.

IN Mr. JOHN FISKE's very able and interesting article, "Manifest Destiny," in the March number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, there are statements which suggest the further consideration of the future position of the English-speaking population of the world. Admitting that the present rate of increase would lead to the conclusion that the United States population may amount to 1,600,000,000 by the year 2000, it may be questioned whether one-third of that number could establish themselves to advantage in our territory, or would find sustenance or employment therein. The increase of the English-speaking population in the United States is thirty per cent. in ten years, in Australia forty-four per cent., and in New Zealand ninety-one per cent. The 3,000,000 now in Australia, at the present rate of increase, would number 174,000,000 by the year 2000; while the increase of New Zealand would be from 540,000 to 830,000,000, which would be tenfold the number that could be sustained upon an area less than that of Great Britain. Though Australia is about equal in area to the United States, the country is less fertile, and the rain-fall uncertain. Many millions of sheep and cattle have perished owing to recent droughts, but these visitations seem to be less trying on the whole than the severity of the winters in America. Australian sheep, while excelling ours in quality, are about 60,000,000 as compared with our 42,000,000.

It is worthy of note, also, that the imports and exports of Australia are over £36 per head, while those of the United States are under £5. This may be attributed to our protective policy, which has nearly extinguished our shipping, and has also very much restricted the demand for our goods in foreign markets, owing to the greater cost of production.

It is generally supposed that we are doing a very good work in the rapid extinction of the war debt. We are paying off bonds which are liable to three per cent., while many have to borrow at six, eight, and even eighteen per cent. The capital for railways usually costs us six per cent., and returns on the average four and a half all round, which may account for the shrinkage in railway stock. We have a ruinous competition, owing to parallel lines, and consequently very low dividends. In Australia the railways are made by the state, and any amount of capital is obtained in Britain at four per cent., which, as there is no undue competition, is earned by the lines. There have been no land grants, as in America, toward the construction of railways, but the state benefits by the increased value of waste land.

Notwithstanding our vast increase in territory and population during the last forty years, while our trade has increased sixfold, that of England has increased more than fivefold. It would be much better if our telegraph system were under state control, as in Britain and Australia. The lands of the state are more fully utilized in Australia than with us, as they are let at a low rent for terms of ten, fifteen, or twenty-five years. The result is that much improvement is effected, the rental value being doubled in twenty-five years, owing to the fencing, building, planting, water supply, and roads thus provided. We forbid the fencing of state land, but fencing is often made imperative there. There is no less than 1200 miles of fencing on one of the larger stations, or sheep farms, and a corresponding outlay on water supply. The skill and energy of the sheep-farmers (who are protected by suitable laws, and aided by the fencing and subdivision of their runs) have extirpated the scab disease. As they have the best descriptions of stock in most departments, importation is virtually prohibited, to exclude disease.

Though fully sensible of our advanced position in many respects, we should not be above learning from the example or experience of others. The Australians introduced our "Shesser excavator," but found it expensive and complicated. They have invented scoops working on wheels, which are made at about one-third of the cost, and are more reliable in working. They have also brought steam-scoops into use, each capable of moving seventy tons of earth per hour. They are worked by two traction engines, acting by turns, while a third is used to bring wood or water many miles across the plains, if required. The California "header" has been matched by an Australian machine which threshes out ten acres per day of the standing crop, gathering and winnowing the wheat, but leaving the straw, which is not wanted, uncut in the field. Our artisans do excellent work in tools and implements. In some cases Australians would not use British-made tools as a gift while American tools are in the market.

It is surprising that stock-raising should be in such a primitive condition in America. Stock ranges would pay much better if inclosed by fencing, and belts of timber should be raised on the prairies. Such shelter might be in the form of an equal-limbed cross, with a passage in the centre. Allowing stock to drift two or three hundred miles before the winter blizzards for want of shelter, would be in keeping on the steppes of Tartary, but is unworthy of America. Shelter is provided in Australia by planting trees, though much less needful there. Running sheep or cattle without classification, and allowing them to breed at all ages and seasons, and suckle their young too long, tend to deterioriation and disease. Stock would pay much better if properly managed, and if disease were stamped out. We would then send stock to British and other markets, which would be mutually advantageous. Diseased districts should be strictly quarantined, and the females fattened off. Where stock is well managed, all animals of an inferior type are dealt with in this way, and it is much more necessary where incurable disease prevails. Any flock of sheep can be thoroughly freed from scab by two clippings within a month. It may be mentioned that belts of timber are got up by ploughing or scarifying the land, sowing suitable seeds, and protecting, thinning, and fencing in the plots. The *Eucalyptus globosa* raised in this way has grown to a height of from eighty to one hundred feet in twenty-two years; but this species does not stand severe frost.

It is most important, also, that stock should be maintained in natural comfort at all seasons. It is more profitable and satisfactory to keep a smaller stock in this way than a larger which is at times half starved. Weeks or months are lost in bringing such animals to a thriving condition. Overstocking is the natural result of a system of commonage. The best herbage is thus extirpated, and the worst will flourish. America is filling up fast with live stock, and it is more important to improve than increase it. There should be a survival of the fittest, as good stock is more easily sustained and matured than that which is inferior. The grazing capacity of Australian runs has been doubled by fencing, together with a more adequate water supply; the working expenses have been diminished, while the profits have thus been largely increased.

COSMOPOLITAN.

LONDON, 1885.

GREENWOOD LAKE.

GREENWOOD LAKE, the favorite as well as the nearest resort of the New York anglers for bass and pickerel, owes its celebrity almost wholly to its supply of fish. From the 1st of June till the 1st of November, which is the period of the law's liberty to fishermen, the picturesque scenery of the lake has the addition of the broad hats and elaborate tackle of the devotees of what is likely hereafter to be known as Presidential sport, for the double reason that our recent Presidents are fond of it, and because it is in better republican form to say Presidential sport than royal sport. The lake, which lies partly in New York and partly in New Jersey, fifty miles from New York city, is set between high hills, which are covered down to the water's edge with a thick growth of trees. There is little artificial adornment, and the angler adds to the pleasure of his sport the equally great pleasure of communion with nature. The lake is from six to sixty feet in depth, is nine miles long, and is one thousand feet above tide-water.

The Greenwood Lake Railroad has little traffic over the portion of it nearest the lake except the transportation of anglers and their prizes. The lake was so well stocked twelve years ago that he is a poor fisherman indeed who returns empty-handed. It is no noteworthy achievement for a novice to catch fifty bass in a day, provided he has been liberal enough with his guide to "get the points" and to be carried to the best trolling places. Not infrequently the amateur angler's experience is made complete by falling overboard. The boats that are in the fashion on the lake are none too steady, and the unfastened chairs which promise comfort often prove a snare in the delicious excitement that a four-pound bass can transmit to his captor. IZAAK WALTON, doubtless, had more patient philosophy than the excursionist to Greenwood Lake, but he never had such sport in all the years of his famous angling.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A FRENCHMAN has taken out a patent for making butter by passing a current of electricity through milk. His discovery settles a doubt of long standing. For years public opinion has been pretty equally divided as to whether in a thunder-storm it is the thunder that turns the milk sour, or the lightning. The Frenchman having discovered that the effect of lightning upon milk is to convert it into butter, it follows, of course, that it is the remaining agent, the thunder, which reduces the milk to curds. The reason why a thunder-storm never produces butter would seem to be that milk is more susceptible to thunder than to lightning, or else that thunder is a more nimble instrumentality than has commonly been supposed, and accomplishes its purpose with milk before the lightning can get a chance.

Mr. S. W. Beckwith, of Cobden, Illinois, writes to us that most unmistakably the female cicada has a tongue, of which she makes good use. He says this in answer to Mr. C. V. Riley, the entomologist, who in a recent article seemed to agree with another authority that the female cicada is mute. "At all events," says Mr. Beckwith, "the female thirteen-year-old cicada can speak twice to her lord's once, and as spitefully as any female you ever listened to; it is no plaintive tone, as some might think. About the time the female is ready to deposit her eggs she hunts for a mate. She flies not only from limb to limb, but from tree to tree, and keeps up a constant 'Chic-a-chic-a-chic.' Sometimes it is a little softer, 'Cic-a-cic-a-cic,' sounding something like the female black cicada." Mr. Riley writes in regard to what Mr. Beckwith says: "I would not deny the statement of so good an observer, especially as the organization of the female renders his observation quite probable. It is a fact, notwithstanding, that no one with whom I am acquainted has ever heard any noise from the female cicada, nor have I ever noticed it myself."

A French oculist is said to have replaced with a rabbit's eye the eye which he was called upon to remove from a young girl. The rabbit's eye is big enough at present; the question is whether it will grow in keeping with the growth of the girl, or remain the size of the eye of a rabbit. It is hardly necessary to say that the rabbit's eye selected was not pink. It was an eye which the poet of a few years hence will be justified in describing—provided the girl warrants the notice of a poet—as the "bunny black eye that glanceth fire," etc.

A St. Louis newspaper objects to a college paper published by the students of the University of Missouri for speaking of one of the faculty as a "pop-eyed apparition," and for remarking of another of the faculty that "not all the pumice of the polished town can smooth the roughness of this barn-yard clown."

Antwerp and Hamburg and one or two other places thereabouts are in the habit, it is said, of shipping twenty million eggs to this country every year.

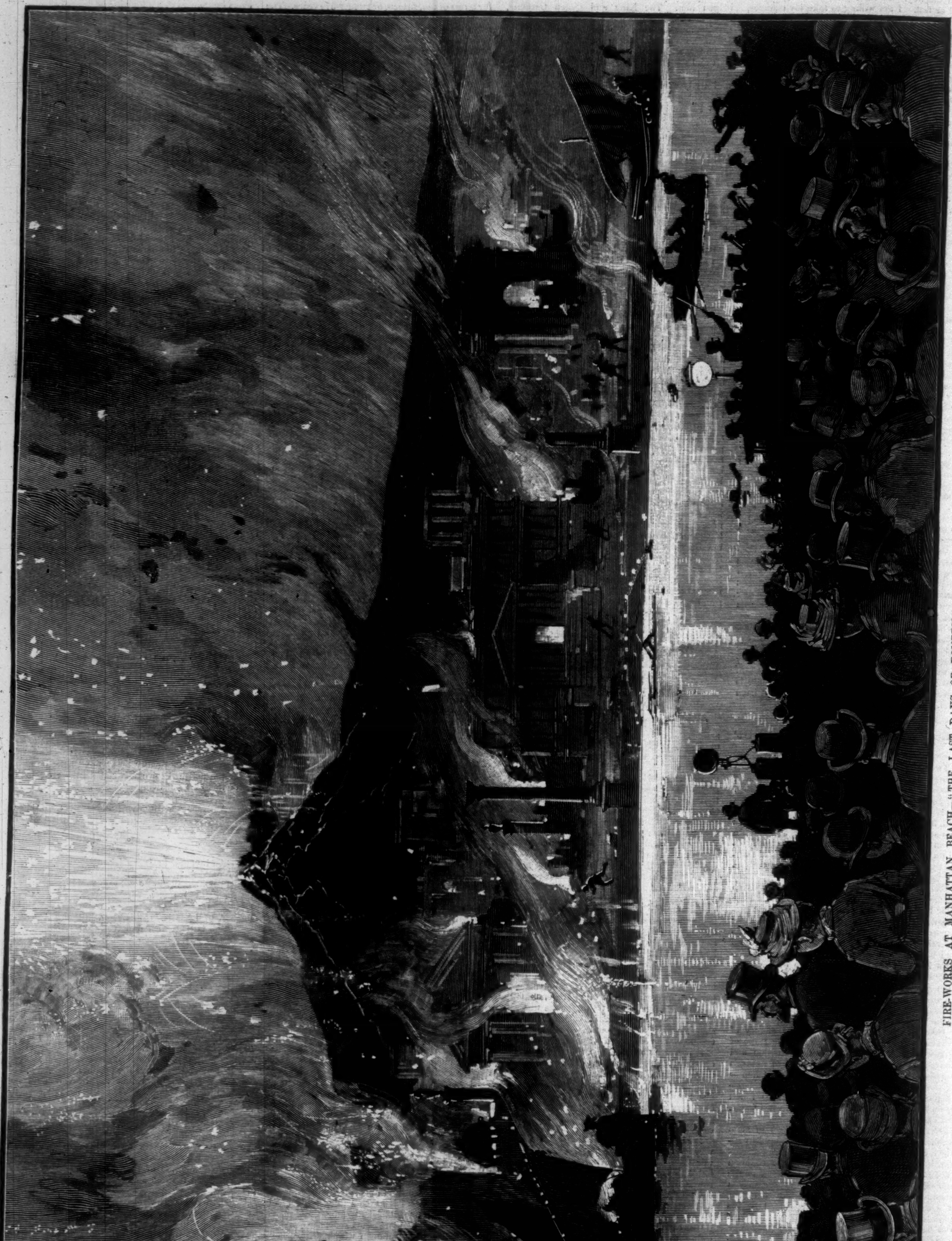
An inventor in Japan has discovered a means of making from sea-weed a material which can be used equally well (and very well in both cases) for writing-paper or window-glass.

A bird has been discovered in South America which is born with four feet. Only one pair of feet, however, remain with it for any length of time, the other pair gradually changing into wings. The London *Graphic* vouches for the reality of the bird, which it says is found on the island of Marajo, at the mouth of the Amazon.

News comes that bears are unusually common in the upper part of New Hampshire. "The inhabitants regard this state of things as a great evil," the report says, "and many people are engaged in hunting them." There are few evils, however, that might not be greater. For instance, it is much better that the people should be hunting the bears than that the bears should be hunting the people.

Two horse-car conductors in Atlanta are said to be worth $37,500 each. The circumstances of these conductors are so different from those of horse-car conductors hereabouts that on the day before pay-day the combined fortunes of seventy-five thousand of the latter would very likely not equal the riches of the Atlanta pair.

Two American citizens—one from Vermont and the other from New Jersey—have struck up a partnership to reclaim a cannon which tradition says the British filled with gold and sank in a creek in Washington County, in this State, in the year 1777. The reason of such an eccentric action on the part of the British is said to have been that they feared a sudden attack from the American troops, though why even a small number of British soldiers could not have easily carried off such an amount of gold as would have gone into an ordinary cannon is not very clear. Still, it is said that the partners, with the assistance of a diver from Boston, have located the cannon, which is under three feet of logs and dirt in water thirteen feet deep, and that to secure the gold is all that now remains to be done.



FIRE-WORKS AT MANHATTAN BEACH—"THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 479.]

A STEEPLE-CHASE AT MONMOUTH PARK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 479.]

PAUL CREW'S STORY.*

By ALICE COMYNS CARR,

AUTHOR OF "LA FORTUNINA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Phœbe came to herself she was lying under the partial protection of a great rock.

The rain and the spray of the sea dashed themselves against her cold wet face, and upon her dank wet hair, and her drenched clothing. She was weak and dizzy and shivering.

What had happened?

Slowly it all came back to her. The storm, her fears for Paul, her hurried walk in the dark in search of him, and then the bridge—that horrible, horrible fall upon the bridge!

How was it that she was alive? Yes—for she *was* alive.

This place where she was lying was the ledge of rock beyond the dike; above her head were the broken battlements of the cliff's end, where it began to rise from out the marsh; yonder was the rugged path that crept along under the white chalk walls.

How had she reached this spot, and reached it alive?

Was it her husband who had saved her, and why had he deserted her again? She raised her aching head and rested it upon her hand.

As her full senses began to return, she was aware again of that indescribable consciousness of the proximity of human life in the deadness of the dark.

She listened, and the sound of men's voices close by rose slowly upon her ear. Her heart, that beat yet but faintly, seemed to stop again as the terror of this discovery forced itself upon her; for, weak as she was, she was not deceived for a moment.

The voices were strange voices. Paul's was not one of them.

In an instant she was convinced of what had happened.

These men were the men of whom Paul was in search. It was they who had rescued her from the flood. She was in their power, and they were the smugglers. The conviction froze her with a cold that was worse than the cold of the bitter night wind, worse than the cold of the wet clothes that clung to her shivering limbs.

Truly, if she wanted adventure, she had it at last.

The smugglers had come, and it was she and not Paul who had found them.

And yet, perhaps, Paul *had* found them. Perhaps Paul had found them first. Perhaps they had made away with Paul.

Good God! it might be so.

Her fears for her own safety were forgotten as she thought of this.

She edged herself nearer to the speakers, and lay down against the rock, straining her ear to catch the muttered words.

"Look here," one man was saying, in a hoarse, muffled tone that boded no good to somebody, "you wasn't born to the trade, and you can't be expected to know the risks o' the business as we do; but when we let you be one of us, because we thought you was an honest sort of chap, you swore the oath, didn't you?"

"Ay," said another voice, "you swore you'd obey orders. You swore you'd follow lead; you swore you'd be true to the cause, if you was to die for it. How about all that now?"

"Yes, how about all that?"

"I'm thinking we was rare fools to think a gay spark like that could ever turn into an honest, hard-working fellow, mate," put in the second voice again. "He was never brought up to fair play, most like."

At this sneer there was a quick exclamation from a third voice, and after the exclamation a quick movement, and Phœbe held her breath with a new fear.

But the quarrel was quenched before it had life.

"Nonsense, Bill," said the first speaker. "Where's the good of fighting? I'm not going to think so ill of the lad yet as to believe he's going to turn traitor for the sake of a silly wench."

"Traitor!" cried another voice, full of righteous indignation—a younger and fresher voice, the voice that had not spoken out yet—"traitor!"

Phœbe turned her head in the dark: she could not see.

Who was it who had spoken that word? Surely it could not have been spoken by one of the men before her?

"Yes, traitor," retorted the other man, savagely. "Traitor, and not all for the sake of the girl either. You think it 'll pay you better to give us up to the law than to smuggle spirits, do you? But you sha'n't spoil our game. No; not if I know it."

There was a threat in the last words that made Phœbe tremble again. But she was almost too much excited even to be afraid now. She wanted to hear that other voice speak again.

"Traitor," it muttered once more beneath its breath; "you know well enough I'm no traitor. But you may think what you like of me. I'd rather that than see a woman perish without holding up a hand."

"That's all very fine," laughed the man. "We can all make allowances for a man with a pretty girl; but you can't so much as see this one's face, and as for the rest, why, what business had she to come prying round?"

"She didn't come out for pleasure on such a night," said the young man, coming to where Phœbe was lying and looking down at her. "Poor soul, if she has escaped with her life, it's just about all."

"Pooh!" scoffed the man. "I wouldn't be such a soft fool if I was you. You let her alone. She's got some stuff inside her now that 'll soon warm her up, anyway. And when she comes to, you trust her to find her own way home. It wouldn't be the first time a girl like that has climbed the cliffs, or weathered a storm either; you take my word for it."

He advanced toward Phœbe as he spoke. She saw it as she half opened her closed eyelids, and involuntarily moved in her fear. But if any rough treatment had been intended, Phœbe's unknown protector was not going to allow it.

She saw him push the intruder aside, and then kneel down beside her and bend his face to look closer at her. She could not have seen his features in the dark even had she dared to open her eyes; but she felt his warm breath on her cheek, and her heart beat so that she almost feared he would see it.

Who was this gallant lad who took a woman's part so valiantly, and even risked his life for hers? For he did risk his life: she was convinced of that. He had risked it in pulling her from off the falling bridge. She was *sure* it was *he* who had done it. And now he risked it again in protecting her. Who was he?

She felt his warm breath on her cheek for just a moment, and then he rose and spoke again.

"She stirs," he said; "but she will be able neither to climb the cliff alone nor to get round the shore to the next bridge to-night. And I mean to see her safe," he added, quietly. "You shall run no risk. I will answer for her as I do for myself. But I'll not leave a poor creature whose life I have just saved, to die of cold, after all: that you may take your oath of."

Whose life he had just saved! It *was* he, of course.

There was a pause.

"Trust to a woman at this time o' day? What do you say, mate, eh?" asked one man of the other.

They both laughed.

"You'll be a rare fool if you do it, youngster," said one.

And the other added, half persuasively: "Just you give the matter a fair thought. Was there ever a woman that could hold her tongue? Was there ever a bit of mischief but a woman wasn't at the bottom of it? Even if you get off to-night, she's sure to peach and get you caught another time. And you *won't* get off, most like. If you've to see her safe, you must go into the village, or leastways near it. And there are spies around, as we know. You'll get caught to a certainty."

"Well," answered the young voice, doggedly, after a minute or two, "then I *must* get caught. It 'll serve me right for taking part with such dirty tricks!"

"Mind your words, youngster, if you please," retorted the smuggler. "We didn't let you into the business for *that*."

"I don't care what you let me in for. I've had enough of it. It's a nasty game. I don't mean to play it any more."

"What did I say, mate?" growled the older man. "Did I say the white liver wanted to turn traitor, or did I not?"

"You did, Bill. But we must see to it."

"See to it! Pooh!" laughed the lad. "You know as well as I do that I'm safe. The law won't get at you through *me*. And as for the girl, she has heard nothing, and she'll know nothing. But safe or not I mean to finish the job with her—ay, and with you too! You see the last of me to-night. That's all I've got to say. I'm my own master, and you can make what you please of it."

"Your own master, are you?" muttered one of the men. "And we're to make what we please of it!"

Phœbe shuddered as she heard the words, for she guessed what the tone boded in which they had been spoken. She felt that the smuggler came close up to the young man, where he was still standing close beside her. She dared not look, and she could have seen but little even if she had. But she knew what happened just as well as if she had seen it all. There was a dead silence for a minute. The wind moaned low in one of the lulls that preceded each fresh pitch of its strength. The rain too had stopped for the moment. Even the waves seemed to pause for a space, sucking the shingle out to sea, before they rushed back again with the fierce roar of their pitiless might.

"We're to make what we please of it," repeated the smuggler, with a big oath. "And what if we'd rather make what we please of you—eh, my man?"

Phœbe opened her eyes. She could lie still no longer. She opened them just in time to see the man lay his hand on her champion's arm, and with one powerful movement drag him beyond the shelter of the rocks, and down off the ledge on to the beach below, where the full beat of the waves was beginning to leave the soft sand free at last from the rush of the tide.

As Phœbe felt rather than saw them disappear beneath the ledge where she was, she sprang to her feet. All her strength seemed suddenly to return to her, and without pausing to consider her own danger, she leaped down the path on to the wet shingle below.

The two men were locked in a fierce and terrible fight; the quarrel had come to that at last, and it was all about her. Dimly she saw the swaying forms in the black mist and darkness, and beside them the figure of the third man watching the struggle with calm satisfaction.

Loud and ringing her shriek cleft the night air, but piercing as it was, the thunder of the waves and the whirl of the wind were louder, for nature would hold silence no longer to watch a human conflict, and the woman's voice was but as a drop in the ocean of such warfare. No one heeded her; for the moment no one even paused to think what had become of her. And she knew that she was powerless—perfectly powerless. She did not even attempt to part the men. What could a woman do in such a struggle as that? If she had thrown herself between them, that man who stood looking on would only have dragged her away. She stood there motionless in the dark, watching, frozen with terror, and with the knowledge that she could do nothing to prevent the evil which her unwilling presence had wrought.

Paul! Ah! where was Paul? Why did he not come to help her? The panting breath and the sound of the falling blows came to her in the mist, with here and there a stifled groan, and here and there an encouraging word from the assailant's comrade. Who was getting the worst of it? And when would it end? It ended sooner and more suddenly than any one expected.

As the fighters fought, and as the on-lookers waited, with their so different feelings, there came through the night a sound that fell sharp and clear even through the mist and the roar of the tempest—a sound that sounded far off and yet near—a sound that made every one's heart stand still, and that parted the wrestlers as with a knife. It was the sound of a shot. Yes; just such a sound as had roused Phœbe from her dream before the fire at home, and had startled her into the sudden determination to go out into the storm in search of Paul. Just such a sound; but instead of being far off and mysterious as it was then, it was now distinct and close at hand.

It fell like a thunder-clap in the midst of the riot, and struck a sudden silence upon all but the great voices of nature, that would be silent to no bidding of man.

For a moment none moved. The three men stood as they had fallen apart, listening with bated breath. Phœbe pressed her hand to her heart to still its wild beating, and waited transfixed into stone.

The shot must have come from the other side of the dike. Surely it must be Paul. But if it should not be! She dared not call out lest it should not be, and lest her voice should then only betray to her enemies that she was recovered and close among them.

The silence seemed to last an eternity. None dared to break it. At last a voice came through the mist. The words would surely have been lost to any but ears so intently listening as these, but as it was they fell clearly upon the air.

"Nay, 'twas a mistake, master," said the voice. "There's nobody there."

The voice belonged to Peter. Yes, certainly it belonged to Peter. But Phœbe made no sign yet. She waited for the reply. She knew who would speak it, but she waited.

"Perhaps," half whispered another voice.

The others did not catch the words, but Phœbe heard them, and she sprang forward, a joyful cry rising to her lips. Paul had come at last.

She sprang forward through the mist toward the bank, forgetting that the means of reaching the place where Paul stood was taken away, forgetting that she was betraying herself to her foes. She sprang forward, but before the sound of her cry had had time to escape from her bosom, a cruel grip fastened itself upon her wrist, and a heavy hand was laid across her mouth.

She was powerless once more, powerless as ever, though within call of help and comfort, though within a tone's-throw of her husband's protecting arm.

She could hear his voice, and she could not answer, could not tell him that she was close by, that he was within a foot of those whom he sought.

He spoke again.

"Hush," he said, softly. "Did you hear nothing then? We must get across!"

"The water must be right up on the sands there, with such a storm as this, master," expostulated the man. "No one could stand, save it were on the rocks—neither man nor beast."

"Nay, the tide must have turned by now," answered Paul. "It was high when we first came out. I guess there's a good strip of safe beach. But be that as it may, we must get across and see! There's the rock if there's not the beach."

A grunt of dissatisfaction came from the other voice, and then there was a long pause. The man still held Phœbe tightly, his hand glued upon her mouth.

"Curse the luck!" said Paul's voice again at last. "The storm has carried away the bridge." There was a suppressed oath, and then a long whistle. "We must try and get across somehow," said Paul again.

"Not to be done, master, to-night. The water's too high in the dike, and with the wash of the sea coming over the other side—nay, it would be a fool's errand indeed, and for a wild-goose chase too!"

There was another pause, and Phœbe's heart sank within her. Were they going away? Were they going to abandon her? It was horrible—too horrible. She made one last and frantic effort to free herself from the iron grasp that held her. Surely some one would hear her! If not Paul, then that other who had stood her friend up till now, and who would surely stand her friend still. Why did he not come to her aid? Had he been wounded in that struggle? or was it only fear of the pursuers that kept him silent?

She writhed within the cruel grip of those insolent hands, and tortured herself to find means of giving sound to her screams. But at the very first movement that she made that happened which she knew well enough, in spite of her hopes, would happen. The pressure upon her mouth became heavy to suffocation, a man's foot was planted against her knees, a man's fist dealt a brutal blow upon her bosom, and she was felled to the ground, stunned and helpless. The noise around became faint in her ears, the dim flash of the falling rain became dead in her eyes, and she lost consciousness.

CHAPTER VII.

THE storm had spent the worst of its fury when Phœbe opened her eyes again. The mist still hung around thick and noisome, but the rain no longer fell, and the wind moaned like a giant defeated rather than a conqueror boasting his triumphs. The night was still as dark as ever—dark with the same impenetrable mystery as before.

The dawn might have been close at hand; its delicate streaks would never have been visible through such a sky. But the dawn was not at hand yet. Though to Phœbe, when the knowledge of things began slowly to return to her, it seemed many long hours since she had last been safe in her cozy, happy home—the dawn was a long way off yet.

And at first, though she vaguely remembered many horrors, she did not fully realize all that had happened. She was chiefly conscious of an indescribable pain, of weary discomfort, but failed to recollect how that pain had come to her.

All that struck upon her at first, bringing a hopeless feeling of disappointment with it—was that she was still out-of-doors—still out in the cold and the damp, with the mist about her and the sound of the sea close beside her—so close that any one else would have feared its onward wash, but with the instinct bred of her sea life, Phœbe's quick ear detected, even through her dim consciousness, the sound of an ebbing instead of a rising tide in the breaking of the waves, and she knew that the sea was going down. She lay quite still and listened. Where was she? The sea could not have gone down so far yet but that the spray on such a night as this must still have dashed against the walls of the cliff, if she were still in the place where she last remembered herself.

But this sea was breaking upon a level shore for a long way. The cliff could not be anywhere very near her. Then where was she, and how had she got to this place? There was not a voice to be heard around. All was still and cold and quiet, save for the everlasting sound of the sea and the wind's restless moan. No angry words now, no thud of falling blows, no panting of fitful breath, no brutal oaths upon the mist. The smugglers had gone. Thank Heaven for that! But Paul had gone too. Gone, without knowing that she was there, close to him and in need of his help. And the man, the brave fellow who had rescued her? Her heart tightened with just a tinge of disappointment as she thought she should never see him to thank him. Well, since they were all gone, she must help herself—find her own way through this terrible darkness. She tried to move, but her limbs were stiff, and her chest and her head ached with a great pain. She fell back with a moan. The tears sprang to her eyes with despair and exhaustion. Paul would be looking for her, the little chap, the dear little chap, would be calling for her, and a fear began to seize her lest she was too weak to reach home alone. But, as she moved, her hand fell upon something warm and rough that was lying around her. She took it between her fingers. It was a man's coat. Whose?

It was not Paul's.

She was not long left in doubt.

As the moan had broken from her lips, a man's figure darted out of the mist and bent over her.

It raised her head with one hand, while with the other it placed a flask to her lips.

Her heart gave a great leap of thankfulness.

She was not deserted; she was not alone. She tried to scan the features.

That was impossible; but she knew that the hand that upheld her was not Paul's hand, and the voice that spoke presently was not Paul's voice.

It was the voice of the man whom she had thought she would never see again.

"Drink this," it said; "it'll do you good. You'll feel better now."

Phœbe sat up and obediently took a sip of the spirit.

"What has happened?" asked she, faintly.

"Nothing much," said the voice. "The bridge broke down while you were crossing it; but you're quite safe now."

"I don't mean then; I mean afterward," said Phœbe. "There were—there were people—"

"Ay, a couple of ruffians. But never mind them. They're gone."

"Smugglers?" asked she.

"Well—yes—smugglers, if you like."

"They'd have killed me if it hadn't been for you."

"No; they were a bit rough, but it was only the fear of being caught. There! don't think of them any more. Try and drink a drop more of this, and then, perhaps, you might be able to get on. You'll catch your death of cold here."

Phœbe did as she was bid.

"I think I could walk now," she said.

The man gave her both his hands, and pulled her on to her feet. She stood, but she leaned heavily against him. Her head was dizzy, and her knees gave way beneath her.

She sighed. "Yes, they would have killed me if it hadn't been for you," she repeated. "And you are hurt too, I'm afraid."

"Hurt! not a bit of it. It takes more than that to hurt me."

"I was afraid you must have been hurt in that terrible fight," repeated Phœbe, shuddering. "I thought if you had not been hurt you would not have let that dreadful man hurt *me* as he did," she added, softly.

"The villain!" growled the young man. "He *has* hurt you. I knew he had; but he has paid for it. The brute did stun me for a minute, just when I most wanted my wits. But he has paid for it."

"What have you done?" asked Phœbe, trembling.

"There! don't you think any more about it,"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1490.

answered the man, soothingly. "Try and walk a bit now. Lean on me."

Phœbe was silent, but she took the arm that was offered her, and tried to walk. Not very successfully, however.

She knew every variation of the shore, every strip of shingle and reach of soft sand, but somehow to-night the dark and the wet and the rough footing seemed to be too much for her.

She stopped short after they had gone a hundred yards, and stood still, panting, her hand pressed against her side.

"I don't think I can go any further," she said, quietly. "I don't believe I can ever get home."

"Nay, you mustn't lose courage," answered the stranger. "Take your time. You've come a long way already. See."

"Yes, I know," said Phœbe. "It's a long way from the cliff here." Then, after a pause, considering. "But I never walked all that. How did I get here?"

"Do you want really to know?"

"Yes."

"Well, I carried you."

"You?"

"I and the other fellow. When it was all quiet again on the other side, and the old governor had given us up as a bad job and gone home, we set to, him and me. I smashed him into the middle of next week, I did. Serve him right. And then I made the other brute help me bring you along. When I thought you were looking up a bit, I packed him off again. He wasn't sorry to go, I can tell you. And I thought you might be frightened if you saw him again."

Frightened! Yes, indeed.

And to think that she had been at the complete mercy of such wretches! She let her arms drop at her side.

"The smugglers *carried* me?" faltered she.

"Yes; why not? You couldn't walk, and you couldn't stay where you were. You would have died of cold."

"I think I would *rather* have died," whispered Phœbe beneath her breath.

The young man laughed—a rich soft laugh—and at the same time put his arm once more around her, for she tottered where she stood.

It was true enough that she could scarcely stand.

She leaned her weight heavily against her companion, and half closed her eyes.

As she stood there and listened to that voice and to that rich laugh, everything seemed to come to her through a haze of distance.

The roar of the waves and the moaning of the storm gave place to the gentle sigh of a soft wind in the boughs of pines, and the dank, dark, mist became a golden haze, sweet with the breath of summer. Yes, it was from a very long way off that the voice seemed to come.

From some place away in her girlhood—out of an hour forgotten until to-night. The voice spoke again.

"A young maid like you mustn't talk of dying," it said. "Though to be sure, I think, bad as we are, you *would* have died to-night if it hadn't been for us."

The words recalled her to herself.

This man beside her was a smuggler.

Yes, of course he was a smuggler.

She tried to draw herself away.

"Then—then nobody got caught?" asked she.

"No," laughed the young fellow. "But it was a near thing. I expect the governor over there is swearing at his luck. If it hadn't been for the bridge being swept away, he'd have got us all this time. I thought I could steer them safe—knowing the coast as I do. But it was a near thing. The mist deceived us!"

"*Do* you know the coast well?" asked Phœbe.

"Why, yes. I was born and bred on the marsh. I should know it well. Though it's some years since I left the old place."

Born and bred on the marsh!

There was a pause, during which the young man gently tried to urge the girl onward on the slippery road, while she clung to him, panting with every breath, and stumbling at each step.

"I'm afraid you feel but sadly," said he. "Do what I could, those blackguards have hurt you. But never mind," he added, cheerily, "we'll soon be home now. And, after all, matters might have been worse. You might have been drowned—or you might even have got into some trouble for aiding and abetting, if we'd all been caught. Who knows?"

Phœbe stood still.

"What?" said she.

"I mean you might have got into a bit of a scrape over the matter. Women *have* been known to help smugglers—their brothers, or fathers, or lovers!"

Phœbe laughed her little low laugh.

Even in the midst of her weakness and her many emotions, this was too funny to be resisted.

"Why, that was my husband," she said.

"What—that—*who?*" cried her companion, aghast.

"The man who spoke across the canal. The man who frightened you all. Of course he frightened you. He had come to look out for smugglers, and I came to look for him, because I was nervous when he didn't come home. Yes, of course it was my husband!"

"Your husband!" repeated the young man. And this time it was he who dropped the arm that he had taken once more within his.

"Yes, I am the wife of Paul Crew, the chief at the coast-guard station." She said it with a touch of pride.

"Well, upon my word and honor, that's the queerest turn I ever heard of," declared the stranger at last. "Just fancy! It's a mercy the wind ran so high when you called out. If those brutes had known who you were, I should have had a worse job than I have had to keep them from serving you out. You won't tell on us now, will you?" added he, suddenly, after a minute.

"Not tell Paul I've seen the smugglers?"

"Well, do you think it would be fair?"

"I—I don't know. I've never had a secret from Paul."

"That's awkward," said the young man—"that's very awkward."

They were both silent after that.

Phœbe tried hard to walk on faster, but she was obliged to stop every minute to fetch her breath.

"I can't get on any further," sighed she at last. "I must sit down. You must leave me. You must get back to the others. I dare say—I dare say you'll be a long way off before I get home."

"I sha'n't leave you till I've seen you into safe hands, come what may," said the stranger, doggedly. "But you mustn't sit down here. It isn't safe. You're warm now, and the mist hangs very heavy."

Yes, the mist hung very heavy. They could scarcely see that they were close to the martello-tower—close to Phœbe's home across the dike.

It was *not* safe, but the girl sank down, exhausted, at her companion's feet before he could stop her.

He stood over her, troubled—troubled, and also a little angry.

"Go—go quickly!" murmured Phœbe, anxiously.

"I tell you I shall *not* go," repeated the man; "so there's an end." He said it crossly, but he was not cross; he was anxious. He saw that the girl was very ill.

"Do you know where we are?" he asked, presently. "The fog hangs so I can't see."

Phœbe tried to raise herself and look around. The dim outline of the tower became visible to her after a few minutes, gray and indistinct, though it was only a hundred yards ahead.

"That's Thirty-four Tower," said she at last. "We must be close to the next bridge."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the man. Then aloud: "You must let me carry you across. You mustn't lie here in the mist. It's death."

"No, no, no! I won't let you touch me—I won't!" declared Phœbe. "You must go back quickly, and leave me. You must go to your friends."

"My friends!" retorted the man, angrily. "Fine friends! No; I've broken with *them*. They've seen the last of me."

"You're not going to be a—to do what you have been doing any more?"

"No. But come; you sha'n't stay here another minute."

"If you take me home, Paul will see you," murmured she, faintly.

"Never mind; I don't care. I've sunk so low, a little more or a little less don't much signify."

"I—I wouldn't tell if he didn't ask," murmured Phœbe, half to herself. "I don't think *that* would be wrong. You saved my life. But—but Paul *might* ask—he might guess."

"Most likely, I should say," laughed the man, "if he's any hand at all at his work. But come; I won't let you wait."

"I'll walk," insisted Phœbe.

She did manage to stand, and they moved forward again.

"But," said she, presently, as if struck with a sudden thought, "after all, you're *not* really a smuggler."

"I'm afraid the governor wouldn't think much of that explanation."

"Yes, he would, if *I* said so."

"You'd stretch a point, would you? And you think your husband would believe I was just an acquaintance that you happened to have met on an evening stroll. You must have a good husband."

"I have," said Phœbe. "He always believes what I say."

"I'm afraid he might not take your word about a stranger under such suspicious circumstances, all the same."

"But if you were not a stranger?"

"Not a stranger?"

"Yes. If I had known you before you went away?"

"You?"

"Yes. You are Jack Foster." And then, after waiting a little, she said, very softly, "Don't you remember me?"

The man stood still. He felt her hand tremble on his arm. "It can never be Phœbe Mallett," he murmured, after a little.

"No, it isn't *now*," answered she; "but it used to be. Now it's Phœbe Crew."

"By Jove!" ejaculated he.

"I knew you at once," she said, "after you had spoken five words."

"Women are so sharp! Why, it's five years since I sailed."

"I know. I was married very soon after you left, and my little Johnnie is four."

"Your little Johnnie! Bless my soul! who would ever have thought it? Why, you were a mere child."

"Perhaps I wasn't quite such a child as you fancied."

"Oh yes, you were. You were a tall, straight thing enough, but you were a mere child. Why, I remember I kissed you the night before I left, up there beyond the cliff, under the pines, in the moonlight."

Phœbe wrenched her arm from under the one that upheld her and sprang forward a few steps. All her strength seemed suddenly to have returned to her. "Hush!" she whispered. "I thought I heard voices."

Jack Foster stood still and listened. "I don't hear anything," he said.

"Yes, yes, there were voices" insisted she. You mustn't come a step further. I won't have you run any risk for me. And there *might* be some risk. I might not convince Paul. I would rather you turned back. See! I am better now. I can walk alone quite well."

She spoke with a feverish energy and excitement that frightened her companion even more than her weakness had done.

He advanced once more toward her. "I'm not going to leave you alone," he said, quietly. "So it's no use asking me."

He tried to put her arm once more beneath his, but she would not. Though her head was dizzy again, she would not.

"Good-by," she said, hurriedly; "good-by."

She hastened on through the mire of sodden sand, and over the rough stones, keeping by a sort of instinct close to the bank of the dike lest she should miss the bridge in the darkness and the mist. Jack Foster strode after her. Neither of them spoke a word. But it was only a matter of a hundred yards or so, as Phœbe had prophesied, before the slender hand-rail of the bridge smote against her hand as she walked.

"Good-by," she murmured once more, and put her hand upon it and stepped upon the plank without even turning round. What was it that made the plank sway so beneath her light weight? Was this bridge too going to play her false? But the wind had lulled—there could be no danger. It was only the nervousness of what had gone before. She tried vaguely to reason with herself, but she felt her head give way. She grasped the rail with both hands, and as she did so she felt that strong arm pass around her waist from behind. Her head sank backward upon a broad shoulder, and she was borne rather than helped across the dike.

The mist was thick upon the marsh—one could not tell what it might hold nor whither it might lead. But Phœbe was not afraid of the mist. She knew it well. She stepped off the plank of the bridge on to the shore beyond, Jack Foster upholding her still. But as she did so a cry rose to her lips. For a sudden and a firm grasp was laid upon her wrist, and a voice—Paul's voice, and Paul's voice as it had never sounded before—thundered in her ear the words, "Stand, in the Queen's name."

With one piteous cry—"Paul, it is I! spare him for God's sake!"—she fell forward, senseless.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIRE-WORKS AT CONEY ISLAND.

"I WILL go back to the great sweet mother, mother and lover of men, the sea," sings the poet, and his example is speedily followed by thousands who have no spark of poetry in their composition. The world at large turns seaward in July, and the hearts of the hotel proprietors on the beaches are gladdened. Every evening now the Coney Island shore is crowded, and there is every prospect of a long and prosperous season for those who have to make their hay during the brief period when the sun shines hotly. The typical sea-side is at its very best. The grounds and miniature cliffs in front of the Manhattan Beach Hotel are crested with an unusual wealth of flowering grasses of the freshest and most delightful green. Powerful as the sun's rays are in exposed places, a nice breeze comes freshening up to it from the sea, an air full of health and tone and vigor, and the lazy waves roll idly up to its feet, tinted with many changing purples and peacock blues. It is difficult to say at what period of the day the sea view looks the loveliest from its piazza: at the morning, when all the visitors are busy bathing or idling in their accustomed fashion; in the afternoon, when crowds gather to listen to the music of GILMORE's band; in the bright gold glare of the sunlight, when white sails of passing yachts and coasters stand out between the blue of the sky and the green of the sea; or at night-time, just now, when the dull, darkened sky, in the absence of its summer stars, is made brilliant with hundreds of artificial ones, which break above from the many-colored fire-works of the great pyrotechnist PAIN.

Mr. PAIN inherits his genius for this branch of art from his grandfather, who was the artificer of those then renowned pyrotechnic spectacles which used to delight royalty in Vauxhall Garden in years gone by. But those exhibitions were poor compared to those to be seen to-day at Manhattan Beach. Each year brings out some new improvements and increased efforts to add new splendors. Thus we see the siege of Pekin by the same artist, which was last year regarded as of unequalled beauty, pale its ineffectual fires before those of the last day of Pompeii, which is now exhibited nightly, and of which we present the picture. It may be safely said that neither this nor any other country has seen a more splendid spectacle of the kind.

It follows accurately BULWER's description of the destruction of the famed Italian city in his novel of *The Last Days of Pompeii.* In looking on the gigantic panorama before him the spectator, from his comfortable reserved seat, can easily imagine that he is an ancient Pompeiian invited to witness the annual festival of the goddess Isis. The streets, of strict architectural correctness, are filled with people; flower girls, refreshment venders, priests, and pretty children crowned with garlands and bearing flowers, pass to and fro, while flower-decked barges move across the ornamental lake, and from beneath triumphal arches bodies of soldiers in rich uniforms, with standards and music, emerge to announce the coming of Arbaces, who appears, clad in purple and gold, beneath a canopy. Then come the games, consisting of racing, wrestling, running, dancing flower girls, and acrobatic feats. On the signal of a blast of trumpets the doors of the temple are thrown open, exhibiting a magnificent illuminated interior and the priestesses bearing aloft the golden image of the Egyptian goddess Isis. As the adoration commences, Glaucus the Christian advances, sword in hand, to smite, when suddenly the earth quakes, and Vesuvius vomits forth flames and clouds of smoke, the temple columns totter, the people fly, and Pompeii becomes a ruin. Appropriate music accompanying and illustrating the various scenes of this singularly beautiful spectacle is furnished by GILMORE's band.

It is a great pity that the enjoyableness of the beaches should be diminished by many drawbacks that could be removed by a slight exertion of the energy and persistence which have been employed to make Coney Island what it is. Manhattan Beach has well-kept hotels, surrounded by trim and pleasant grounds in perfect order and well policed. But the air is often polluted with sickening odors from the rendering establishment on Barren Island, and from the defiant emptying of garbage from the scows in front of the beach, which at certain stages of the tide makes bathing disagreeable, and swimming through the scum of decaying vegetable matter almost a physical impossibility. The approach to Manhattan Beach by Hunter's Point is through disgusting odors; that by Bay Ridge depends upon a single small and overcrowded steamboat, the *Thomas P. Way*, and is apt to be inconvenient, indecent, and dangerous. It provides all the conditions for a fearful accident and the loss of many lives. The new United States District Attorney might profitably turn his attention to this route, and see to it that the little steamboat does not carry passengers beyond the limits of her inspector's certificate.

RACING AT MONMOUTH PARK.

THE opening of the midsummer racing meeting at Monmouth Park on July 11 was, as is usual, the occasion for the flocking of folly and fashion and the lovers of sport to the New Jersey resorts, not to Long Branch only, which is the most convenient to the races, but also to all the others that are within easy reach of the course. The midsummer Monmouth meeting is always an "event." Trains of fifteen cars or more, packed with expectant and steaming humanity, run down to the Park, and all kinds of vehicles, from phaetons to wagons, convey men, women, and bookmakers to enjoy the sport or to engage in "business." It was a fair day for the opening, and neither ladies nor dudes nor jockeys nor losers could lay blame on the weather for any damage that gear or purse suffered. The greatest excitement of the opening day this year was caused by the winning of the Stockton stakes by Tyrant, the California colt, over seven other three-year-olds selected from 103 original nominations. There was the usual Saturday programme of seven races. Of all, the handicap steeple-chase is most interesting to mere spectators. It was won (purse, $600) on the opening day this year by Mr. DRYSDALE's Echo. The race was made the more exciting by the bolting of Kisber, who, when he came to the water the second time, threw his rider.

MAKING PERSIAN WINES.

THE making of the wine in Persia is an anxious process. Many natives have their wine made by Jews. But the Mussulmans generally, save the more bigoted, have no objection to lend a hand. The grapes are trodden out in a tank, which exists in every rich man's cellar; or, failing that, in pans. All unripe, broken, or mouldy grapes are previously removed; the jars, ranged in rows, and each holding from 150 to 200 bottles, are now filled, juice, stalks, and husks being shot into them. The jars are covered with a cloth. Fermentation in the hot climate of Shiraz soon sets in. For many days the must in the jars is frequently agitated by a circular movement of the hand; the great friction thus produced disintegrates the grape pulp. Day by day the cake, consisting of husks and stalks, which forms on the surface of the wine, becomes thinner and thinner. As the fermentation increases, the heat given out by the fermenting must makes the room or cellar warmer.

The wine intended for keeping is made as fruity as possible by the early removal of stalks and husks. On about the twenty-fourth day fermentation will have almost ceased, and the wine is roughly cleared. A *lodah*, or grape hamper, is placed in the mouth of an empty wine jar; the must is baled into it in bucketfuls. Being thus freed of all remaining husks, stones, and stalks, it is now wine, though of the color and consistence of thin pea-soup. The jars are covered with a rushen top and clayed over, to remain for a year untouched. The refuse is placed in a still and converted into arrack, a third distillation gets it considerably over proof. This arrack is generally in Persia flavored with fresh anise-seed, and by the same means colored a pale green. The distillation of the refuse generally more than pays for the cost of making the wine, except the prime cost of the grapes. The next autumn the wine, now clear, may be drunk, or placed in carboys for future consumption. It is now clear, of a rich golden color, sweet, very delicious, and terribly intoxicating. Next year it darkens, and becomes drinkable by the connoisseur. Year by year it improves in flavor, and does not lose in strength, but the color fades.

Much skill is required in getting a good brew, but if ordinary precautions are observed, success is certain. I was fortunate in securing the services of a moollah, or priest, to make my wine, and the holy man was an expert truly. He used to enliven his labors by quotations from the Koran and songs from Hafiz. The true *Cholar* grape, of which the best Shiraz wine is made, comes from a place fifty miles off. Wine-making in Persia is a troublesome business, for during its progress thousands of wasps are attracted by the luscious smell of the fermenting must. Persian wine, then—at all events, Shiraz wine—is pure and cheap, and all who have tasted it acknowledge that it is extremely good. Shiraz, too, is famed for its bulbuls (nightingales) and its sweet-smelling moss-roses.

FARMER STEBBINS AT THE RINK.

FARMER STEBBINS ON ROLLERS.

BY WILL CARLETON.

DEAR COUSIN JOHN,—

We got here safe—my worthy wife an' me—
An' put up at James Sunnyhopes'—a pleasant place to be;
An' Isabel, his oldest girl, is home from school just now,
An' pets me with her manners all her young man will allow;
An' his good wife has monstrous sweet an' culinary ways:
It is a summery place to pass a few cold winter days.

Besides, I've various cast-iron friends in different parts o' town,
That's always glad to have me call whenever I come down;
But yesterday, when 'mongst the same I undertook to roam,
I could not find a single one that seemed to be to home!
An' when I asked their whereabouts, the answer was, "I think,
If you're a-goin' down that way, you'll find 'em at the Rink."

I asked what night the Lyceum folks would hold their next debate
(I've sometimes gone an' helped 'em wield the cares of church an' state);
An' if protracted meetin's now was holdin' anywhere
(I like to get my soul fed up with fresh celestial fare);
Or when the next church social was; they'd give a knowin' wink,
An' say, "I b'lieve there's nothin' now transpirin' but the Rink."

"What is this 'Rink'?" I innocent inquired, that night at tea.
"Oh, you must go," said Isabel, "this very night with me!
And Mrs. Stebbins she must go, an' skate there with us too!"
My wife replied, "My dear, just please inform me when I do.
But you two go." An' so we went; an' saw a circus there,
With which few sights I've ever struck will anyways compare.

It seems a good-sized meetin'-house had given up its pews
(The church an' pastor had resigned, from spiritual blues),
An' several acres of the floor was made a skatin' ground,
Where folks of every shape an' size went skippin' round an' round;
An' in the midst a big brass band was helpin' on the fun,
An' everything was gay as sixteen weddin's joined in one.

I've seen small insects crazy like go circlin' through the air,
An' wondered if they thought some time they'd maybe get somewhere;
I've seen a million river-bugs go scootin' round an' round,
An' wondered what 'twas all about, or what they'd lost or found;
But men an' women, boys an' girls, upon a hard-wood floor,
All whirlin' round like folks possessed, I never saw before.

An' then it all came back to me, the things I'd read an' heard
About the rinks, an' how their ways was wicked an' absurd:
I'd learned somewhere that skatin' wasn't a healthy thing to do;
But there was Doctor Saddlebags—his fam'ly with him too.
I'd heard that 'twasn't a proper place for Christian folks to seek;
Old Deacon Perseverance Jinks flew past me like a streak.

Then Sister Is'bel Sunnyhopes put on a pair o' skates,
An' started off as if she'd run through several different States.
My goodness! how that gal showed up! I never did opine
That she could twist herself to look so charmin' an' so fine;
And then a fellow that she knew took hold o' hands with her,
A sort o' double crossways like, an' helped her, as it were.

I used to skate; an' 'twas a sport of which I once was fond.
Why, I could write my autograph on Tompkins' saw-mill pond.
Of course to slip on runners, that is one thing, one may say,
An' movin' round on casters is a somewhat different way;
But when the fun that fellow had came flashin' to my eye,
I says, "I'm young again; by George, I'll skate once more or die!"

A little boy a pair o' skates to fit my boots soon found—
He had to put 'em on for me (I weigh three hundred pound);
An' then I straightened up an' says, "Look here, you younger chaps,
You think you're runnin' some'at past us older heads, perhaps.
If this young lady here to me will trust awhile her fate,
I'll go around a dozen times an' show you how to skate."

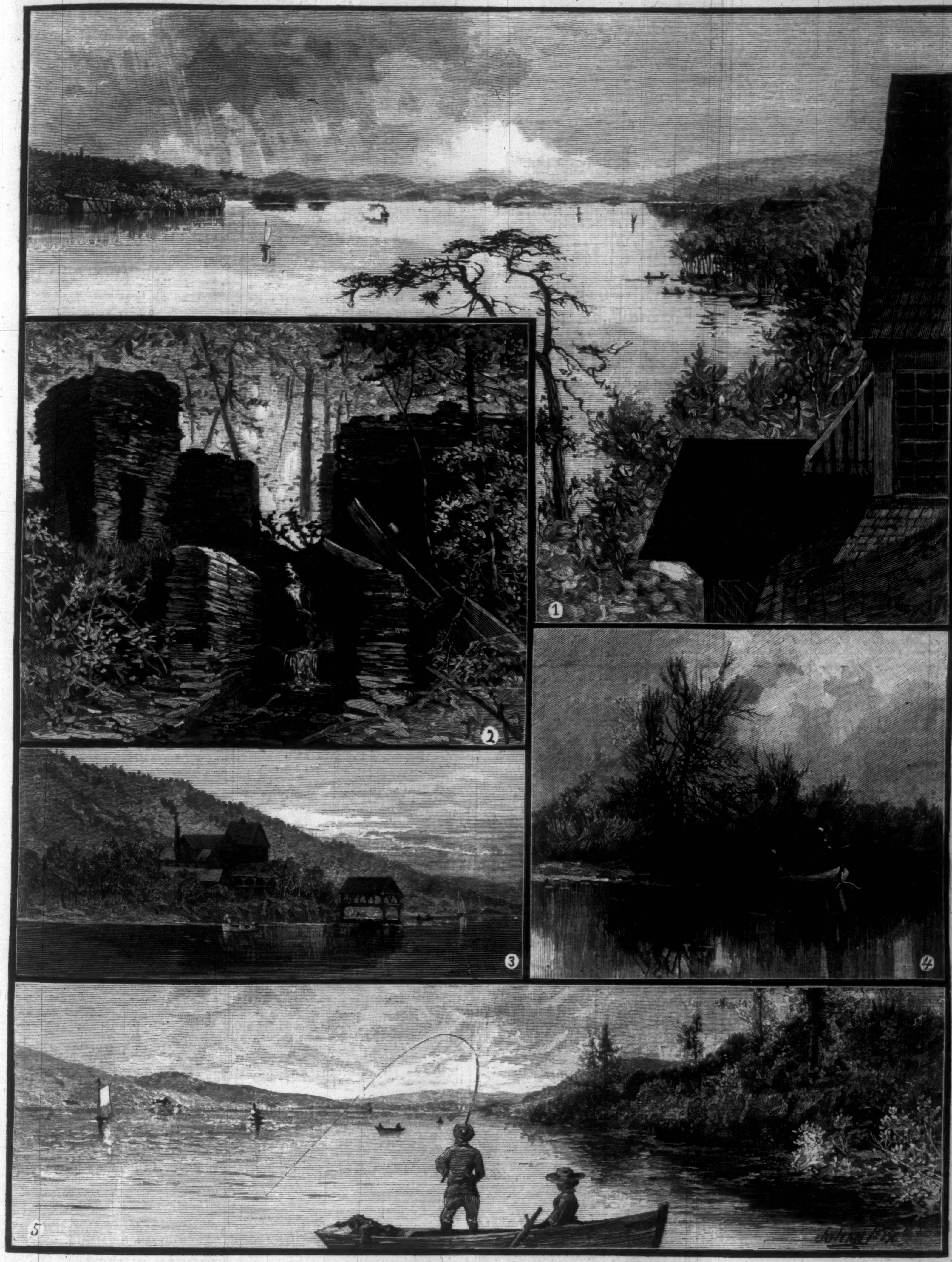
She was a niceish plump young gal, I'd noticed quite awhile,
An' she reached out her hands with 'most too daughterly a smile;
But off we pushed, with might an' main—when all to once the wheels
Departed suddenly above, an' took along my heels;
My head assailed the floor as if 'twas tryin' to get through,
An' all the stars I ever saw arrived at once in view.

'Twas sing'lar (as not quite unlike a saw-log there I lay)
How many of the other folks was goin' that same way;
They stumbled over me in one large animated heap,
An' formed a pile o' legs an' arms not far from ten foot deep;
But after they had all climbed off, in rather fierce surprise,
I lay there like a saw-log still—considerin' how to rise.

Then dignified I rose, with hands upon my ample waist,
An' then sat down again with large and very painful haste;
An' rose again, and started off to find a place to rest,
Then on my gentle stomach stood, an' tore my meetin' vest;
When Sister Sunnyhopes slid up, as trim as trim could be,
An' she an' her young fellow took compassionate charge o' me.

Then after I'd got off the skates, an' flung 'em out o' reach,
I rose, while all grew hushed an' still, an' made the followin' speech:
"My friends, I've struck a small idea (an' struck it pretty square),
Which physic'lly an' morally will some attention bear:
Those who their balance can preserve are safe here any day;
An' those who can't, I rather think, had better keep away."

Then I limped out, with very strong unprecedented pains,
An' hired a horse at liberal rates to draw home my remains;
An' lay abed three days, while wife laughed at an' nursed me well,
An' used up all the arnica two drug-stores had to sell;
An' when Miss Is'bel Sunnyhopes said, "Won't you skate once more?"
I answered, "Not while I remain on this terrestrial shore."



GREENWOOD LAKE.—Drawn by Julian Rix.—[See Page 475.]

1. From the Club-House Window, looking South. 2. Ruins of a Blast-Furnace. 3. The Club-House. 4. A Likely Nook for Bass. 5. Looking up the Lake, North.

NEAPOLITAN STORY-TELLERS.

A provider of amusement which many of the Neapolitan lazzaroni greatly delight in is the old-fashioned story-teller. He is only to be found in the gardens and kitchens of the smallest inns, and never emerges into the more respectable quarters of the town or the dining-rooms that foreigners frequent. Indeed, he is rarely fitted to appear there to advantage; his clothes are shabby and not improbably torn, and his breath is so strongly perfumed with garlic that in order to enjoy his company it is necessary to keep on the weather side of him. He usually speaks the broadest Neapolitan, though, if he catches sight of a foreign auditor from whom a larger gratuity than usually falls to his lot may be expected, he will make a feeble effort to express himself in Italian. In his customary haunts he is a welcome guest. He enters them with a confident mien, and eyes those who are seated at the tables; if they are too few or too poverty-stricken, he retires with a bow; otherwise he stations himself in a convenient position, assumes an imposing attitude, and coughs. All conversation is hushed in a moment, and the chairs are pushed so as to allow their occupants a full view of the narrator. He usually introduces his tale by some short moral remark such as: "Gentlemen, though it is the duty of children to obey their parents, it is not well for fathers and mothers to impose too severe a restraint on their inclinations, as the history of Princess —— clearly shows. Listen to it, and you will agree with me."

His stories are generally of a romantic and pathetic character, and they deal freely with fabulous animals and supernatural events. In the more moving scenes passages of verse are introduced, and though all the rest of the tale, down to the very moral it is supposed to teach, is occasionally varied, these lines always remain the same. When the narrator trusts his voice he sings them, otherwise he pronounces them in a declamatory tone, strongly emphasizing rhyme and rhythm. During the rest of the performance his manner is easy and animated by turns. He relates the adventures of his hero almost as if they had happened to himself; he indulges freely in gesture, and mimics the voices of the principal characters. When he has reached the most stirring incident in the tale, and every one is anxious to know what happened next, he suddenly pauses, borrows a plate from the landlord, and goes round to collect the soldi. If the harvest is satisfactory he returns to his post and finishes the narrative; if not, he retires with a polite bow.

One of these men is said to have made a large profit by forgetting the conclusion of his best story. At last the frequenters of one of the taverns where he often appeared came to an understanding with each other. He should not have another soldo till the tale was told to the very end. When he asked for the plate the innkeeper informed him of the resolution of his guests, and offered himself to collect the coppers and keep them till the story was finished. It was only then that the old man confessed with tears that he had quite forgotten how the beautiful princess escaped from her difficulties. All he could remember was that the conclusion was happy. Then he hurried away without even waiting to make a bow, and never again revisited the garden.

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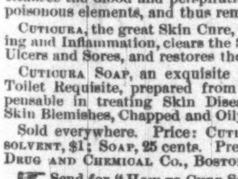

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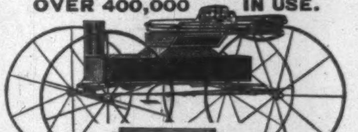

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